

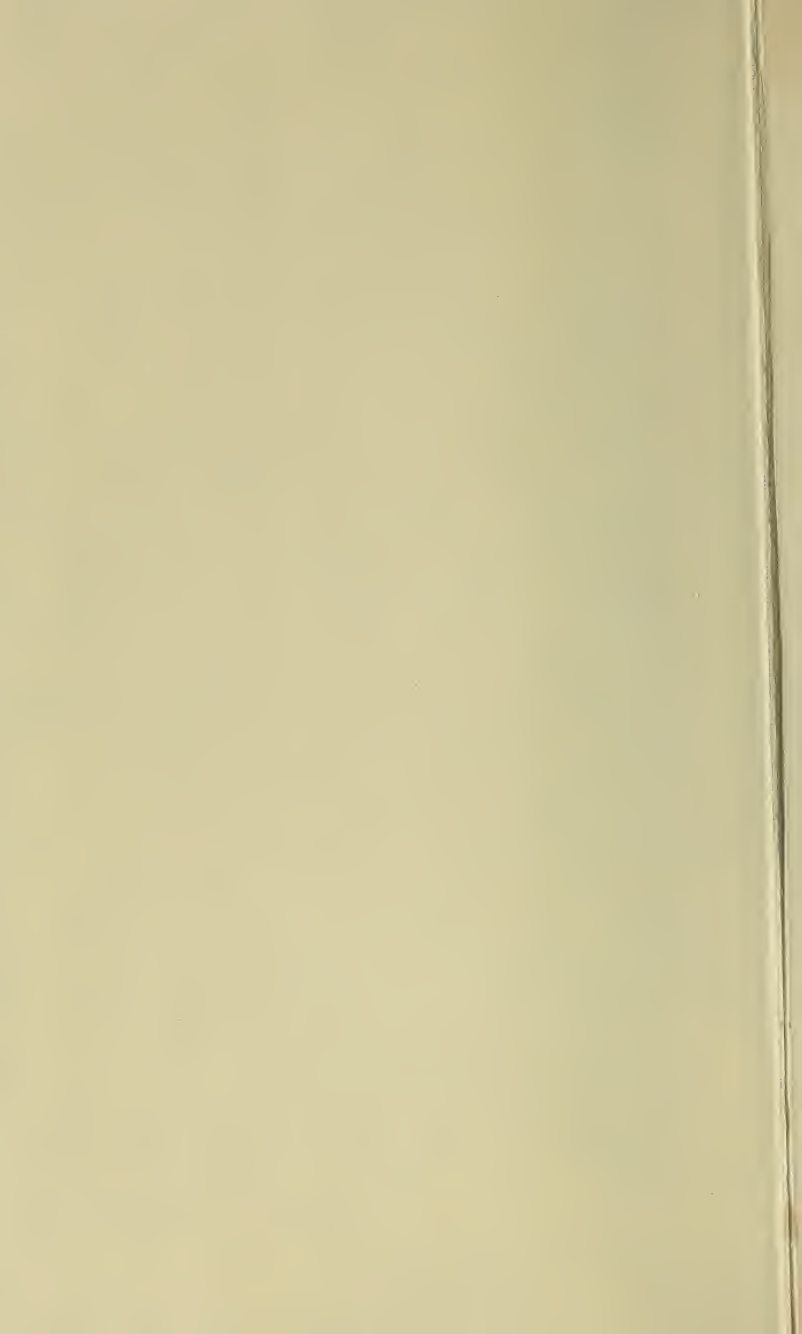
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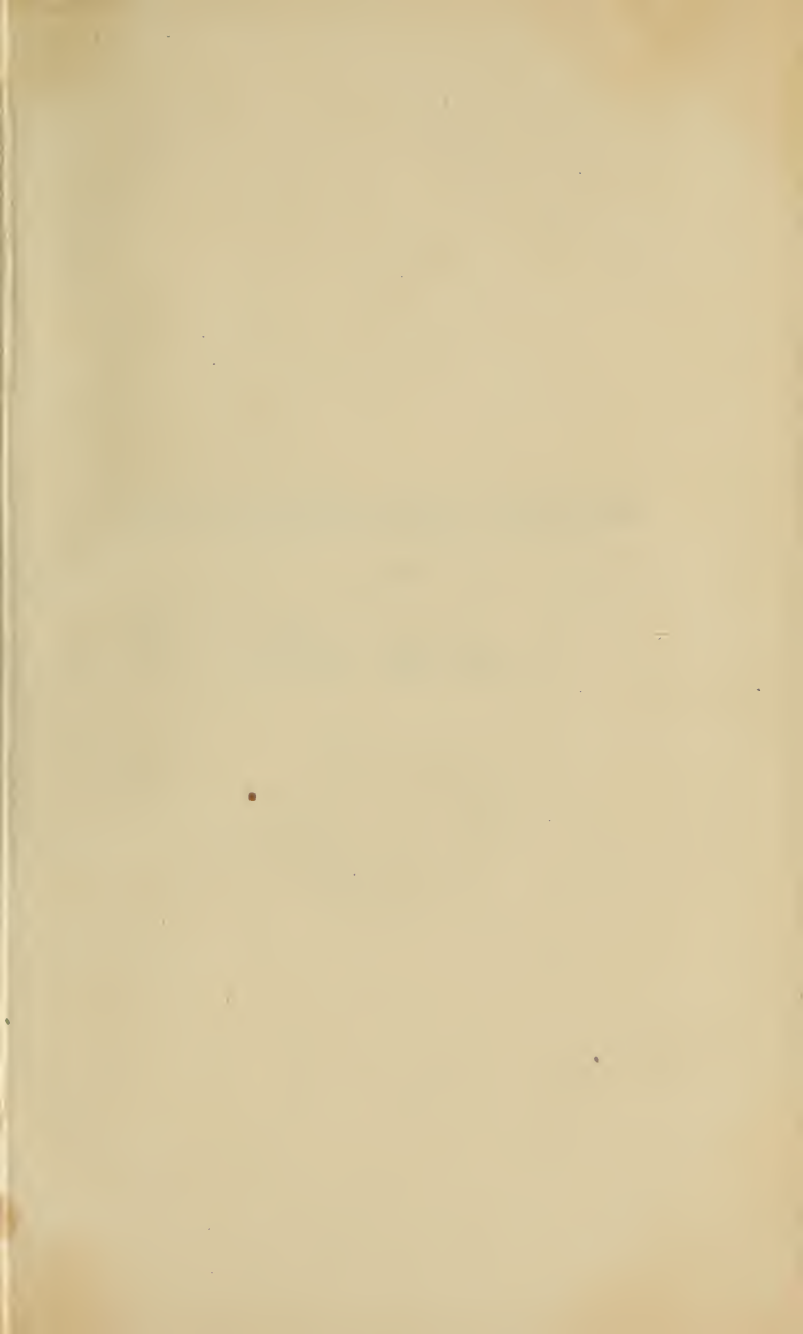


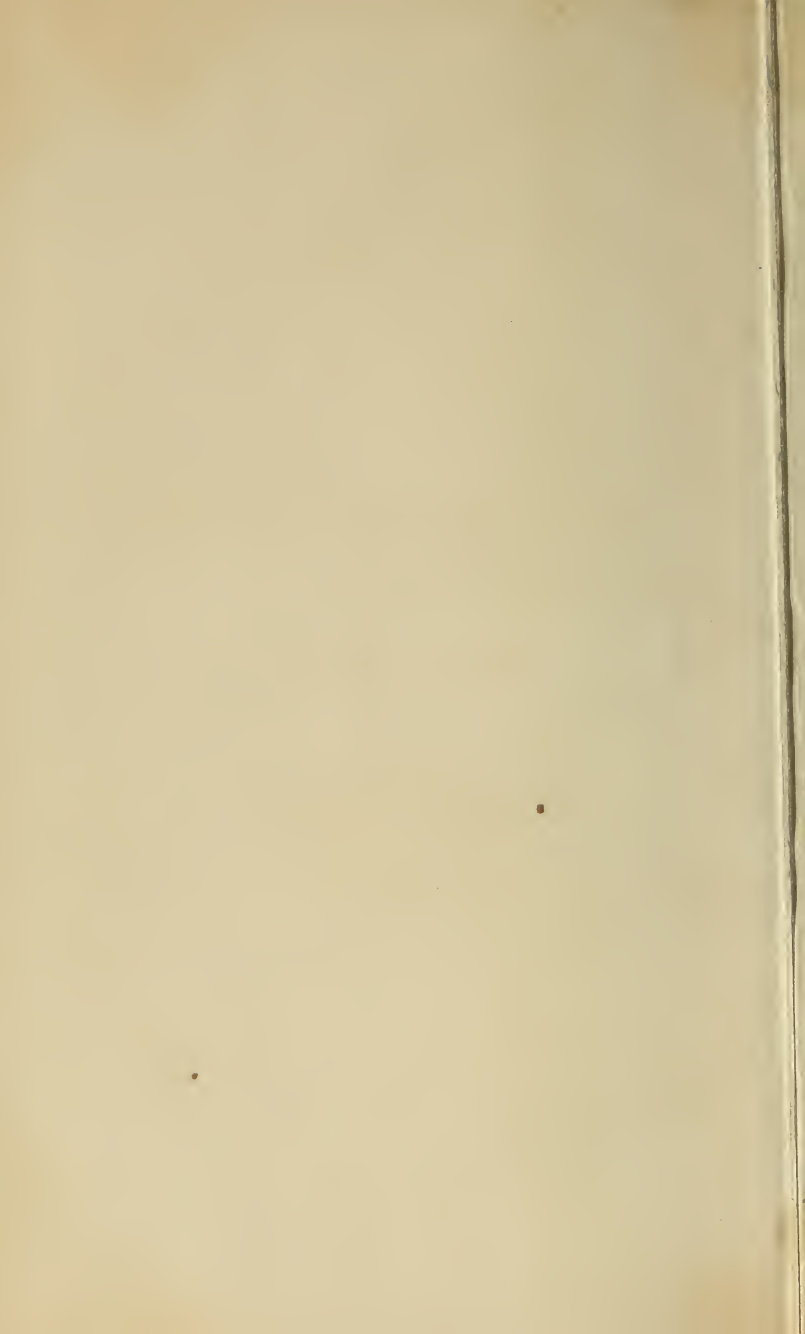
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HOUSEHOLD SONGS

AND

Other Poems.

THE HISTORY OF

THE

HOUSEHOLD SONGS

AND

Other Poems,

BY

MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

"I cannot say I have a thirsting deep
For human fame, nor is my spirit bowed
To be a mummy above ground, to keep
For stare and handling of the vulgar crowd,
Defrauded of my natural rest and sleep."



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1855.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
MRS. H. E. G. AREY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

HOLMAN & GRAY, STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS,
Corner Centre and White Streets, N. Y.

TO
MY FATHER,
WHO,
MOST OF ALL, HAS ENCOURAGED AND HOPED FOR ME,

THESE
SLIGHT RECORDS OF MY PAST LIFE
ARE

Affectionately Inscribed.

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1855

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P R E F A C E .

I BELIEVE it is considered requisite that every book should be furnished and sentineled with a preface; and in this preface, the world, doubtless, expects that the Author will furnish a reason, or some show of a reason, why he has ventured to appear before them in print. Now, it appears to me that this reason may be a private matter between the Author and his book; and, if he does not choose to make confession of his "whys," and "wherefores," I do not think it ought to be required of him by a forbearing public. It is certainly better to give no reason than a false one.

Did you notice my motto, dear reader? Well, it is true, that, when our grave-days must needs come, there are none of us who would wish to be "defrauded of" *our* "natural rest and sleep;" and, for myself, if there be any share of human fame in store for me, I would much rather it would voice itself before I am "a mummy;" but if it do not, I shall die, like others of the unappreciated, in the full faith that its dulcet tones will soothe the vexed blossoms on my grave.

Further than this, I have only to say, that these poems have been prepared for publication in very nearly their present form for some years past, but, owing either to indolence or timidity, they have made no further progress towards their destination, than what was produced in the mind of the Author, by the occasional urging or remonstrance of her private friends.

You have them now, dear Public. I pray you to receive them kindly—indulgently. And, if they may serve to while pleasantly an idle hour, or to speak to some heart with an incitement to aught that is noble or good, they will serve their purpose.

Household Songs and other Poems.

MYSELF.

WELL, once I was a little girl,
A-dwelling far away;
My mother made the butter,
And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school,
Amid the woodlands wild,
And scorned the teacher's measured rule—
A harum-scarum child.

Of thorny lane and meadow fair,
My frock bore token still;
The wind would catch my yellow hair,
And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face—
And still it shows it some;
And, on my neck, I know how high
My dresses used to come.

And I *was smart*, and all the springs
 On all the hills could show ;
 And, if there were some grammar things
 I didn't care to know,

I always knew how many boughs
 The latest tempest broke,
 And just how far the woodpecker
 Had girdled round the oak.

I knew the tree where slept the crows :
 And, on the water's brim,
 I climbed among the hemlock boughs,
 To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill,
 What flowers to bloom would burst ;
 And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
 The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
 Each daisy on the lea,
 I counted one by one—for they
 Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
 The banished beaver's huts ;
 And sat on mossy logs to watch
 The squirrels crack their nuts :

And they winked slyly at me, too,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

And always in the winter, too,
Before the breakfast time,
I wandered o'er the crusted snow,
To hear the waters chime;

To see how thick the ice had grown,
And where the hasty spray
Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown
In such a curious way;

And in a little cavern where
The waters trickled through,
The shape of every icicle
That gemmed its sides I knew;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers,
And cities grand and gay,
And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers,
And fairer things than they;

For oft the sun came glinting through
The chinks some ice lens spanned,
And decked in many a rainbow hue
Those scenes of fairy land.

And now, when to my roving brain
 There starts some fancy, shrined
 In tints more bright than earth can claim,
 That cavern comes to mind.

When Winter to the Spring-tide wore,
 Through slumps and sloughs I strayed,
 To list the splashing and the roar
 The mountain torrents made.

Oh! that was glee; and oft I turned
 In rapture from the shore,
 And said (I know not where I learned)
 The lines about "Lodore."

There was a well-filled garret, where
 I hid on stormy days,
 And built bright castles in the air,
 And conned most ancient lays;

And through the snares that Scott has set,
 For fancy roamed with joy,
 Or, from some old and worn gazette,
 I hacked the rhymes of "Roy."

In mouseholes rare I hid with care
 Those relics of the Muse,
 And wondered who the Poets were
 That scribbled for the News.

But when once more the skies were fair,
 And I the woods could win,
 For books and rhymes that charmed me there
 I did not care a pin.

My mother saw my garments soiled,
 And thought it hardly right;
 But, when I wished to go again,
 My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown,
 And strive to keep my hair
 Beneath the guidance of my comb,
 And bind my dress with care.

Through slumps and drifts I do not roam,
 Nor climb the hemlock trees,
 Nor hide mid cobwebbed trunks at home—
 For fear 'twill raise a breeze.

I thread the world's unchanging maze,
 Through all Life's fettered span,
 And seek to be in all my ways
 As "*proper*" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men,
 Or wished more old to grow,
 For life was wondrous curious then,
 And isn't curious now.

I know not how it seemed to me,
 Or what my father thought,
 But mother said I 'd never be
 A woman, as I ought.

I know 't is hard such children wild
 In polished rules to train;
 And, if I were once more a child,
 I'd——do just so again.

THE TWO LIVES.

STILL, have we roved, Felicia, hand in hand—
 Forever drinking at one fount of bliss—
 Though thou'rt a wanderer of the spirit-land,
 While my frail steps tread down the flowers of
 this.

Still to my thrilling heart, with love untold,
 Returning, from thy heaven of fadeless flowers,
 Thou sweep'st, with seraph's hand, thy harp of gold,
 To cheer the lagging of my prison hours.

We scarce were twain, my sister—from one breast
 We sprang together to the gladsome earth;
 Each in a kindred spirit's answerings blest,
 And each most grateful for the other's birth.

Together learned we, on the taintless air,
 All reckless of the spirit's treasured worth,
 The burden of our swelling hearts to bear,
 And pour in words life's earliest music forth.

Together nestled on the emerald lawn,
 From angel's urns with heavenly waters laved,
 When the fresh flowers, awakened by the dawn,
 In worship pure their odorous censers waved.

Together from the bending grass we gleamed
 Her freight of gems; or sought the violets blue,
 With modest eyes that o'er the brook-side leaned,
 To catch from thence the sky's reflected hue.

All the bright summer days, through wood and
 glade,
 With burning bosoms, and with busy feet,
 Home where the chattering squirrel dwelt, we
 strayed,
 Or sought in vain the cuckoo's lone retreat,

Amid the wild nooks of that shadowy glen,
 On whose steep banks the earliest strawberries
 grew:
 How were our hearts like opening rose buds
 then,
 Swelling with perfume, and oppressed with
 dew.

How peered through the deep heavens our wondering eyes,

How bent we, listening, at the fountain's side,
Learning the mysteries of th' o'er-arching skies,
Or the sweet language of the voiceful tide.

How turned we ever at the hour of rest,
When closed the sunlight of thine eyes divine,
Thy coral lips upon my cheek impressed,
And thy soft floating curls inlaced with mine.

How often then, sweet one, I watched thy sleep,
Amid the gatherings of the twilight shade;
Bidding my faithful heart thine image keep,
As if I knew its light were soon to fade.

When, like the lark, thy joyous spirit rose,
Wild at the chorus of the matin hours,
Thy lisping "Lella" wooed me from repose,
To join thine orisons among the flowers.

At length there fell a silvery voice from heaven,
Like one that called an absent angel home,
And closer twined thy clasping arms that even,
As if thy heart within my breast sought room.

There stole a fearful stillness o'er thy rest,
And ere my wondering soul thine absence knew,
The violets that our cheeks so oft had prest,
Through those bright summer hours, above thee
grew.

And on that spot, where fell my footsteps first,
 Cast, in the wild abandonment of wo,
 Ere scarce life's beauties on my vision burst,
 I learned the mysteries of death to know.

But while, with breaking heart and flowing tears,
 I only sought thy silent couch to share,
 Soft as the music of the upper spheres,
 Thy soothing "Lella" trilled upon the air.

And like a spirit's touch, each rounded arm
 I felt once more about my form entwine,
 While thy cheek's velvet, and thy bosom warm,
 With wonted fondness still were pressed to mine.

Thou hast not left me: on the path of life
 Still have I journeyed with thee day by day:
 From pleasure's mazes, or from worldly strife,
 Forever turning at thy smiles away.

Rejoicing most, amid earth's joys, whene'er
 The summons of thy soft aerial tone,
 Like heaven's own music, charmed my waiting ear,
 And, turning from the household group, alone,

Some silent haunt my willing footsteps sought,
 The treasures of my soul with thine to pour;
 And though perchance they deemed I loved them
 not,
 I did but love thy sainted presence more.

I see thee not, I do not seek to tear
 The veil that shrouds thee in thy spirit-land;
 Enough for me that still our hearts are near,
 And, through two worlds, we journey hand in
 hand.

True gems thou bearest me of thy boundless
 store,
 And flowers from heaven athwart my path to
 fling—
 Rich lessons hast thou breathed of spirit lore,
 And taught my soul the songs that angels
 sing.

When turning from life's conflicts, faint and worn,
 Beneath its toils my heart was fain to sink,
 Pure waters, from immortal fountains borne,
 Thy hand hath proffered for my lips to drink.

Though music floats earth's fairest bowers along,
 And joy's bright forms around my path may be,
 Thy soft lisped "Lella" woos me from the throng,
 In words unuttered to commune with thee.

But the gay crowd from whom my steps divide
 Have heard no heavenly harp's deep gushing
 tone,
 And seen no spirit wandering at her side
 Who in life's loneliest hours is not alone.

And when earth's music strives to woo my ear,
 And forms and sounds unnoted round me rise,
 They know not that I turn—from lips more dear—
 To list the sweeter language of the skies.

Thus shall we rove, Felicia, hand in hand,
 For aye, unsevered from our hour of birth,
 Though thou'rt an angel of a happier land,
 And I a pilgrim 'mid the thorns of earth.

TO MY BROTHER.

'Tis morn, my brother, and the dew-drops glisten
 Like heaven-strewn diamonds, on the freshened
 leaves ;

And to the wild bird's pealing notes I listen,
 Till their whole flood of song my heart receives,

And swells to bursting,—half with exultation,
 And half with sadness,—for my bosom burns,
 Roused by the chorus deep, with adulation,
 Yet, 'mid its praise, thy missing answer mourns.

It is most lovely,—as if, with the spreading
 Of dawn's first rose leaves o'er the blushing east,
 A troop of angels' steps came o'er them treading
 In holy mission for the day of rest,

To pitch on earth the King of Heaven's pavilion ;
 And 'neath its azure canopy to bring
 Their golden harps, to mingle with the million
 Of songs, scarce heard by us, that cherubs sing.

Far roves the eye to seek the distant border,
 Where, traced in light, and waving to the breeze,
 The silken curtain, with its cloud embroider,
 Dips in the wave, or floats beyond the trees.

So softly are the hues around us blended,—
 So gently dance the zephyrs, fresh and clear,
 We can but feel 'tis heaven itself descended,
 And claim that nought impure may enter here.

A whisper of devotion breathes above us,
 And the bright waters 'mid the foliage fair,
 Glance upward like the eyes of those who love us,—
 Within whose depths our souls reflected are.

Yet dearest 'tis not heaven—this scene enchanting—
 For my deep gladness gushes with a tear,
 To find that 'mid the chorus still is wanting
 The sound of that one voice to me most dear.

Tho' there be heavenly strains around me breaking—
 Tho' light and joy untold adorn the spot,
 Still tuned to sadness in the bosom aching,
 That can but be alone where thou art not.

If there be moments when the spirit waketh,
 To gleams of more than earthly happiness,
 They come not to the heart that vainly seeketh
 The accustomed answer to its throb of bliss.

Ah, I shall miss thee when bright forms of beauty
 Swell on my soul, and ask for utterance there,
 When veiled before me lies the path of duty,
 Or close around me throng the clouds of care.

And when at eve the clustered stars are calling
 The spirit to the shadowy walks of thought,
 And the soft dews of heaven around us falling
 Weep for the loved whose tones to us are not,

Where shall I seek that stillness of communion,—
 That tide of thought that ne'er in speech might
 flow,

When soul with soul went forth in mystic union,
 With the deep joy unfettered spirits know?

Oh, what is life, my brother, when from round us
 The forms that we have cherished all are fled—
 When severed are the golden links that bound us—
 When hope has withered and the heart is dead?

The rainbow's brightest hues may circle o'er us,—
 The dark-leaved laurel round our temples twine,
 Joy, with her bursting songs, may dance before us,
 Or gold and diamonds in our coffers shine;—

We stand among them like some fane deserted,
 When flowers, and sunbeams to its turrets
 cling,
 Tho' from its shrine the idol hath departed,
 And desolate echoes through its cloisters ring.

The cheek may dimple at the voice of pleasure,
 And pleasant songs along the lips may flow;
 But ever tuned within to mournful measure,
 The heart's deep chords pour on their requiem
 low.

THERE'S A GARDEN OF GRAVES.

THERE's a garden of graves that I visit in dreams,
 Far away in a land of the north,
 Where the willow-bough waves, and the dewy
 grass streams
 Through the aisles, when the wind goeth forth.

'Twas the haunt of my childhood—the beautiful
 spot,
 Where I strayed with that angel of love
 Who was sent as the light of my wearisome lot
 And recalled to some mission above.

'Twas a bright day of June when I roved with her
last,

To those shadows her love had made dear,
And she lisped, as her head on my bosom she cast,
"I would I might always be here."

'Twas a lightly breathed wish, and unthought of
again,

'Till my heart in strange agony bled—
For I knew not the spot was made consecrate, then,
To the dreamless repose of the dead.

But her feet never more o'er those violets trod,
Or her voice through the elm-branches rose,
For the week had not passed ere they lifted that
sod,
And laid her beneath to repose.

Her grave was the first, but full often since then,
Have the rust-eaten mattock and spade
Made way through those dew-covered blossoms
again,
When room for some loved one was made.

The breast, where I pillowed my infantine head,
Lies cold where those myrtle-wreaths twine;
And there's many a heart in that home of the dead,
That was linked by fond mem'ries to mine.

Long years have gone by since I gazed on the
 spot,
 And my spirit its destiny braves ;
 But when sleep hath unbound them, the pinions of
 thought,
 Soar back to the garden of graves.

'Tis the home of the loved, and I view them in
 dreams,
 Reposing from sorrow and care,
 And I start from my sleep when the morning star
 beams,
 To wish that my couch had been there.

H A R R Y .

HARRY my lad, my heart is sad,
 As thy cheek to mine is prest ;
 For the waters wide will our forms divide,
 Ere the sun goes down the west ;

And I can but grieve thy side to leave,
 With the shadow on thy brow ;
 For it may not be on a summer sea,
 That thy bark is floating now.

There was ever cast from the darkened past,
 A cloud on thine infant hours ;
 For thy boyhood path, by the hand of death,
 Was stripped of its early flowers,

When the grave sod prest on the gentle breast,
 From whose fount our lives were drawn,
 And the blest light shed on my cradle-bed,
 Went out at thy spirit's dawn.

And still there hath been, thy breast within
 A deep, and unanswered tone ;
 For thy heart will ask, in vain, to bask
 In a ray it hath not known.

When the hand grows cold that was skilled to
 hold
 The helm of our bark at birth ;—
 When the death mists lie on the beaming eye
 That welcomed us first to earth ;

We may rove the world, with sails unfurled—
 We may seek on land and wave,
 But we never can win life's pearls again,
 From the sealed and voiceless grave.

On my heart is thrown, with thy lightest tone,
 A tale of its early years,
 And a light doth lie in thy changeful eye,
 That wooeth a gush of tears.

It beareth my thought to a distant spot,
 Where the steps of strangers tread,
 And the wild flowers spring, and the bright birds
 wing,
 Unheeding, above the dead.

For a voice long hushed, on my ear hath gushed
 From thy lips, like strains divine ;
 And an eye doth rest, in the green earth's breast,
 Far hence, that was so like thine.

Thou hast many a joy, in store, my boy ;
 And it may be many a care :
 I would ask no place in thy dreams of bliss,
 Were it mine thy gifts to share.

O, I fain would glide, life's stormy tide,
 Where thy keel is passing too ;
 But my track must be on a distant sea,
 And I weep to say adieu.

As thy youthful bark o'er the waters dark
 Thou'rt urging with doubtful skill,
 May a gentle hand, from the spirit land,
 Be stretched for thy guidance still.

SONG.

WE have launched our bark on the gleaming tide,
 To float o'er a sunny sea,
 And for weal or woe on the waters wide
 I have cast my lines with thee ;
 We are come but now from the altar's side—
 From the blessing and the prayer, [died
 And the vows that we breathed, have scarcely
 On the calm and holy air.

And the organ's high, triumphant strain,
 That thrilled on the silence, still
 Is floating out from the sacred fane,
 O'er the valley and vine-clad hill ;
 To the mellow glow of the Autumn air
 We turned from the chancel dim,
 But a holier voice is in my ear,
 Than that anthem's swelling hymn.

And my soul is hushed with its freight of bliss,
 Like a flower surcharged with dew,
 That woos no thrill from the zephyr's kiss,
 Lest the treasured drops o'erflow ;

But I seek thy glance with a changeless faith ;
 For safe on its hallowed shrine
 Is the heart I have pledged for life or death,
 While that soul-born light is mine.

I have come, love—come from the altar's side ;
 I have turned from the gentle band
 With whom, in the light of a love long tried,
 I have journeyed hand in hand ;
 I have come from the shade of the clust'ring vines,
 From the voices blest and free
 That rung through the aisles where the myrtle
 twines—
 I have left them all for thee.

I have left them, love, yet the world before
 Looks bright, though 'tis all unknown,
 For no welcome waits upon yonder shore—
 I may claim but thee alone ;
 And I know that the bright sky o'er us now
 May lower with the tempest's wrath,
 But my heart is strong, for the covenant bow
 Of our God bends o'er our path.

And I'll calmly rest on thy shelt'ring breast,
 Unmoved amid life's strange din ;
 In the storm or the sunshine wholly blest,
 While this love-light burns within ;

We have come, love—come from the altar's side,
 We have launched on a trackless sea,
 To the world's thronged haunts, or its valleys
 wide,
 I am going forth with thee.

HAVE YE SEEN?

HAVE ye seen, have ye seen in that far-off vale,
 An old and a hoary man ;
 His tread was slow and his lips were pale,
 And his brow o'ertraced with the weary tale,
 Of a worn life's shortened span.

He dwells in a cot where the wild woodvine,
 Hath climbed to the roof-tree bare ;
 And the scented brier, and the eglantine
 O'er the portals old, and the casement twine,
 Oh ! say, have you seen him there ?

Ye could not unnoticed have passed him by,
 'Twas my sire and he loved me well ;
 There's a sorrowful shade in his hazel eye,
 And a few thin locks on his temples lie,
 Have ye nought of his weal to tell ?

Let me go ; let me go from these lofty halls,
 To that lowly, humble cot ;
 There's a voice of duty that on me calls ;
 With a burning weight on my heart it falls,
 I must hence—oh ! bind me not.

What voice shall the gloom and sadness cheer,
 Of his life's declining sun ;
 What hand shall his lonely meal prepare ;
 Or smooth his couch with a tender care,
 Or love him as I have done ?

For me he hath wasted his manhood's pride,
 He hath soothed me when I wept ;
 His hands have my infant wants supplied,
 And he watched my cradle bed beside ;
 With *one* who for years hath slept.

And now that the glory of life is past,
 And its twilight steals apace ;
 And the length'ning shadows are round him
 cast—

Shall he search in vain for one tender breast,
 Where his sorrow and wants have place ?

Oh no, oh no ; for my soul doth burn,
 Once more at his side to stray,
 Where I loved life's earliest lore to learn ;—
 His heart doth still for my presence yearn ;
 Unbind me, I must away.

THE WIFE'S WELCOME.

THE hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
 The kettle sings for tea,
 The cloth is spread, the lamps are light,
 The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
 And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, home ; thy task is done ;
 The clock ticks listeningly,
 The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
 The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
 Thy boy is on my knee.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here,
 Where'er thy footsteps roam,
 No hand will spread such kindly cheer,
 No beating heart, no listening ear,
 Like those which wait thee home.

Aha ! along the crisp walks fast
 That well-known step doth come,
 The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
 The babe is wild with joy at last,—
 A thousand welcomes home.

MY BOY.

To a world of care and sorrow, from the holy
 realms above,
Where the Angels walk in gladness, and the only
 light is love,
At the voice of my affection, thou hast bent thine
 ear, and come ;
Heaven's own gift of rapture adding to the blessings
 of my home.

I have wooed thee, I have wooed thee, from a land
 where all is bliss,
Down to fold thine angel pinions 'mid the stormy
 scenes of this :
Down to try thy tender footsteps on the thorny
 path I rove,
That thy blissful smile might cheer me, oh, was
 this a selfish love?

I have wooed thee, I have wooed thee, to these
 outstretched arms, my child,
And my heart, to greet thy coming, bounds with
 rapture strange and wild,

All my heart with love is yearning at thine innocent appeal,
 And the tears upon my eyelids tremble with the joy I feel.

And my spirit shrinks, and trembles o'er the blissful boon it sought,
 As it gropes adown the future, wistful of thy coming lot,
 But my care shall be to guard thee—from the sorrow as I may
 From the evil, and temptation that surround thy thy mortal way.

And my prayer shall be to find thee, with a high, and holy trust,
 Walking 'mid the ranks of manhood, when my head is with the dust;
 From the place of the departed, I shall cast my glance, to see,
 If, upon the path I pointed, still the angels walk with thee.

We, upon whose grateful bosoms heaven has laid this gift of love,
 That its opening light might guide us to the fount of light above,

Hang above thy helpless cradle, with a tearful,
 prayerful joy ;
 For our hopes of life have clustered here in rap-
 ture, oh, my boy.

LINES FOR A FRIEND.

BESIDE my couch no kindly heart was beating ;
 But stranger footsteps pressed the curtained
 room ;
 The dreams of life from my dim eyes were fleeting,
 And death stalked grimly through the chamber's
 gloom ;
 And the fond hands that fain had smoothed my
 pillow,
 And wooed me from my sufferings, were afar,
 O'er many a spreading plain, and foam-capped
 billow ;
 Safe in sweet homes beneath the northern star.

But while from morn to night's long watches
 dreary,
 For some kind voice, or tender looks I pined :
 With their soft breath to soothe my spirits weary,
 They brought fair flowers by gentle hands en-
 twined.

The fresh young buds of summer, gaily breathing
 Of life, and gladness to my fainting heart,
 With their soft petals, and their skillful wreathing,
 Wooing the life that trembled to depart.

Oh while your hands those lovely wreaths were
 blending,

To soothe the sorrows of a stranger's lot,
 Came not some sainted spirit, gently bending
 Above your hearts, to bless you for the thought,
 One who hath need of kindness, in his bosom
 Shrined with all sacred, until life shall end
 Will bear the memory of each fragrant blossom,—
 The daily offering of a stranger friend.

ALBERT.

LIKE the flickering of a sunbeam,
 Like a song of ceaseless joy,
 Like the brightness of a day dream,
 Come thy twinkling steps my boy ;
 Pattering by me,—
 Hovering nigh me ;—
 Filling all my soul with joy.

Now thy soft arms round me flinging,
 Thou hast prest thy lips to mine ;—
 Now thy silvery tones are ringing,
 Bird-like, where the roses twine ;
 Flitting, dancing,
 Flashing, glancing,
 As bright waves reflected shine.

To me, from me, passing lightly,—
 Fondling still each treasured toy ;
 With thy daisies grasped so tightly,
 Sleep cannot thy hold destroy ;
 Laughing, winning,
 Never sinning,
 Oh, what bliss thou bring'st my boy.

Yet that step so softly falling,
 Like the pattering summer rain,
 With the sound of echo's calling
 Backward to the skies again ;
 Tireless ranging,
 Ringing, changing,
 Still like some low song's refrain—

Shall grow firmer—shall grow stronger,
 As the hurrying years go by,

And the shades of thought lie longer
 'Neath the lashes of thine eye;
 While each gay dream,
 In its fading,
 Bears life's glory to the sky.

Oh, mine eye is searching ever
 Where the path before thee lies;
 Till thy feet from mine must sever,
 And thy heart its manhood tries;
 When the rattle,
 Storm and battle,
 Of life's turmoils round thee rise.

Still thy voice is hovering near me,
 Wheresoe'er thy form may be;
 And thy visioned features cheer me,
 While my spirit, in thy glee,
 Fondly basking,
 Still is asking
 Some blest boon from Heaven for thee.

Not for wealth, with soft temptation
 Luring all thy soul astray;
 Not for fame,—the cold oblation,
 Envy at thy feet might lay,
 When o'er lowlier
 Joys, and holier,
 Thou hast climbed a toilsome way.

But for peace and hope unceasing,
 Skill to foil the tempter's art;
 With a fount of joy increasing,
 As the fires of youth depart;
 While each sorrow
 Life may borrow,
 Finds thee firm and true of heart.

Thus, while thine own soul thou bindest,
 Blest and pure thy life shall be;
 And if, 'mid its throngs, thou findest
 Earth hath loftier tasks for thee;
 Bear their burden
 For no guerdon,
 Save a conscience, calm and free.

CHILDHOOD AND BEAUTY.

AYE, train the vines about the door;
 I scarce may pause to see,
 Before a cloud of care comes o'er,
 To shadow their light from me;
 But gentler forms than mine are here,
 That, through life's morning hours,
 Will welcome, with their tones of cheer,
 The light of the summer flowers.

Then deck the sward with shrubs most fair,
 And train the rose-trees well,
 That hearts that learn no lore of care,
 Their lessons of joy may spell,
 And let them love each leafy stem,
 And greet each flower with glee,
 While I within doors toil for them,
 As my own mother toiled for me.
 The martial thorns their hands may mar,
 The turf their garments soil,
 But they will win things worthier far,
 Though the skin, and the cambric spoil.
 Aye, train the vines about the door,
 For youthful eyes to see,
 And teach them Nature's glorious lore,
 As my childhood taught it me.
 A fairy child with tottering feet,
 Amid the flowers at play,
 Is bending o'er the roses sweet,
 To fondle each trembling spray;
 And in her eyes of pearly blue,
 A scarce forgotten heaven,
 Looks o'er the earth with raptures new,
 At the love-prints God has given.
 And though she may not breathe His name,
 Or lisp her gushing love,
 The wordless song her heart can frame,
 Mounts gratefully up above.

Ah me, upon life's pleasant road,
 Such voices on the air,
 Make toil itself a lightsome load,
 That has little to do with care.

HOME SONG.

Now, thrust my thimble in its case.
 And store the spools away,
 And lay the muslin rolls in place ;
 My task is done to-day ;
 For, like the workmen's evening bell,
 A sound hath met my ears,
 The gate-click by the street doth tell
 Papa has come, my dears.
 Bear off the toy-box from the floor—
 For yonder chair make room ;
 And up, and out—unbar the door,
 And breathe his welcome home ;
 For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
 When Home's best pleasures rally ;
 And I will clasp my darling boy,
 While papa romps with Allie.

There, take the hat, and gloves, and bring
 The slippers, warm and soft,

While bounds the babe, with laugh and spring,
 In those loved arms, aloft,
 And let each nook some comfort yield—
 Each heart with love be warm,
 For him, whose firm, strong hands shall shield
 The household gods from harm.
 Our love shall light the gathering gloam ;
 For, o'er all earthly hope,
 We cherish first the joys of home ;
 A glad, rejoicing group.
 And through the twilight hour of joy,
 We turn from toil ; to dally
 With thy young dreams of life, my boy,
 And gaily fondle Allie.

DECAY.

WEARILY, wearily,
 My spirit journeys home,
 Clad in a wasting robe of clay,
 That chafes its restless wings alway ;
 Leaving it never free,
 To do its earth-task cheerfully ;—
 My spirit journeys home.

Wearily, wearily,
 My ear bends to the call,
 When Time, the reaper, shouts amain,
 For hands to bind the wasting grain,
 And strong, hale bands go by;
 I grasp my blade with eager eye,
 But go not forth to toil.

Cheerily, cheerily,
 My spirit looketh home;
 For Time hath hands to toil away,
 Though mine may crumble with the clay;
 My soul shall spurn the rust,
 When falls this trembling house of dust,
 And freely journey home.

SONG OF THE BLUE VIOLET.

Down by the brooklet's side,
 Where the soft waters glide
 Gently and sweetly away to the sea,
 Lifting my tiny bell
 Up from the leafy dell,
 There is my birth-place—the dwelling for me.

There, where the wild bird's song
 Chants, through the summer long,
 Strains of affection, unchanging, and true,
 Formed by a fairy's wand,—
 Claiming no care, I stand
 Wooing the sunbeams, and quaffing the dew.

Not where the diamond gleams,—
 Not where the wine cup streams,—
 Jars not the revel the bowers that I wreathe,
 Sought for no festal hall,
 Prized by no pride at all,
 Care heaps no sighs on the pure air I breathe.

But, o'er the dewy lawn,
 Called by the breaking dawn
 Up from their sleep in some vine-girded cot,
 Maidens of merry mien
 Gather the cowslips green,
 Breathing the songs that their heaven-dreams have
 taught.

I, in my lowly bower,
 Envy no gayer flower;
 Fanned by the bright wing of hum-bird and bee,
 While by the streamlet's side,
 Glad as the laughing tide,
 Velvet-cheeked children are seeking for me.

Still let the nightingale
 Fondly the rose assail,
 Pouring its moon-sick strains—wasting its sighs ;
 But on the Violet's breast,
 Still shall the angels rest,
 Long as we garner the tints of the skies.

SPRAYS FROM THE HEART'S FOUNTAINS.

O, THIS is a world of glorious things ;
 And I'm sure I know not why,
 But there's never a gleam the sunlight flings,
 Or a flash in the open sky,
 But giveth my spirit an angel's wings,
 And biddeth it soar on high.

The flowers come out to the laughing light,
 And their fragrance widely fling—
 The shrubs with their morning gems are bright,
 And the notes of the wild birds ring
 As if they had caught from the skies last night,
 The songs that the angels sing.

The proud ship skims o'er the sleeping lake,
 With her banners streaming fair;
 And the music that children's voices make,
 Is abroad on the ringing air,
 That seems as its burdened chords must break,
 With the gladness everywhere.

And O, methinks that around me stray
 Bright spirits from worlds unknown,
 Who over the earth, with the breaking day,
 Have their garlands of beauty thrown,
 And the peerless gems from their own array,
 On the gleaming branches strown.

'Tis a blest, bright world, and I know not why
 They have called it a vale of woes,
 For scarce can the weariest sleeper's eye
 To its beauties half uncloze,
 Ere his soul is tuned to an anthem high
 And his heart with joy o'erflows.

'Tis a world of light and life and love,
 Wherever the foot may stray,
 In the thronged school-yard, or the distant grove,
 Where the chainless waters play.
 A halo that claimeth its birth above,
 Is over our blissful way.

By the wings of the angels, hour by hour,
 Must the vaulted skies be riven,
 For the gifts they bear are a ceaseless shower;
 And though we have no vision given
 Of the world unseen, there can scarce be more
 Than a step 'twixt us and heaven.

A PICTURE.

SHE sat by the wave-washed shore,
 And the dark locks, unconfined,
 That the winter of sorrow was drifting o'er,
 Were afloat on the ocean wind.

Her thin shawl's downward flow
 She stayed, with her wasted hand,
 And her foot unclad, like a wreath of snow,
 Was hid in the yielding sand.

A dog lay moveless by,
 Where the surges o'er him broke;
 And the gleam of her deep and restless eye
 He watched, with an earnest look:

Or he gazed on the spray-wreathed wave,
 Where he plunged so oft in vain,
 And came, with his breaking heart, but brave,
 To his mistress' feet again.

But she, with a thrilling tone,
 That can ne'er from memory die,
 That chimed and changed with the ocean's moan,
 Was singing her lullaby.

"Hush, hush to a softer flow,
 Kind waves of the rolling deep ;
 For down in the azure tide below
 I have laid my boy to sleep.

Come not to the sounding shore,
 With that deep and angry moan ;
 His ear was trained to the ocean's roar,
 But he loveth a gentler tone.

O, would that the foam's white crest
 Were dashed from the ocean blue ;
 It giveth a tinge to its heaving breast,
 That hideth his face from view.

But his slumber must be sweet,
 Where the waves rock to and fro ;
 And the harp of ocean breathes at his feet
 A mournful strain and low.

The pearl shells near him gleam,
 And above the sea-flags twine,
 And the nymphs of the waters pause, and deem
 They have found a face divine.

His locks, like the sun's fair beam,
 Are clustering round his brow;
 And a bright smile tells of a joyous dream:—
 Methinks I can see him now.

Oh, ye restless winds, be calm,—
 'Tis a lone one asks the boon,—
 Away to your sports in the woods of balm,
 Ye will wake my boy too soon.

There's a fearful pain at heart,
 That my song will not allay,
 As the poisoned tip of some woe-winged dart
 In the deep core festering lay.

There's a burden on my breast,
 And my brain is burning now:
 'Tis well I have laid him here to rest,
 Where the sea-winds cool my brow.

On my ear sad voices thrill,
 As my lonely watch I keep:
 But I will not list to the tones of ill,
 For I know he doth but sleep.

My heart should be at rest,
 For within our border line,
 There ne'er was laid on a mother's breast
 A lovelier boy than mine.

But the tooth of carking care
 Is still on my heart at prey;
 And a form of despair is lurking there,
 That I cannot drive away.

His dulcet voice I need,
 And the play of his limbs of grace;
 But I will not wake him now, to read
 The heart-ache on my face."

And thus, with the thrilling tone
 That biddeth the heart run o'er,
 From the mists of morn till the sun went down,
 She sung on the wave-washed shore.

AUTUMN.

THERE'S a deep wailing in the voice of waves,
 That late were ringing with a childish glee;
 And the white billow, to the beach it laves,
 Advances with a solemn majesty,
 To bathe the scattered gems of summer's crown,
 Or bear them to the caves of silence down.

And the wild winds are wandering with a thrill
 Of deeper music, 'mid the thin pale leaves,
 That to the bough are fondly clinging still;
 And yet doth every whispered breath, that grieves
 Their faded beauty, hasten their decay,
 And bear them to their burial place away.

The spreading maple doffs his turban red,
 Like an old garment—and the beech leaf pale,
 As falls the silver from a veteran head,
 Floats downward softly on the murmuring gale,
 And the sad locust, bending to the breeze,
 Green at his feet, his rent tiara sees.

The red sun peers adown the hazy sky,
 And steals, unchallenged, through the forest bare,
 Seeking the nooks where perished blossoms lie,
 Wistful to know if life be lingering there,
 And through his beams a genial warmth is shed
 As if he strove to woo them from the dead.

A carpet deep of withered leaves is spread,
 Varied, and rich, the forest walks around;
 And, as our careless footsteps o'er them tread,
 We listen lingering to their rustling sound,
 Just as we did in childhood, ere we knew
 How many human hearts lay withering too.

Still watchful wake the myrtle's starry eyes,
 Still robed in green the trailing willow waves,
 But the pale wreck of many a garland lies,
 All closely cradled in the place of graves,
 Nestling, in death, amid the slumberers there,
 Yet pouring fragrance on the summer air.

Thus doth the memory of the cherished dead,
 Upon our thoughts in grateful incense rise,
 And, though their spirits from the earth have fled,
 The love which bore them upward to the skies
 Is with us still, all powerful to impart
 A fragrance to the Autumn of the heart.

But in our breast,—like those pale leaves that sleep
 Clustered within the hollows of the tomb—
 Upon the graves of buried hopes lie deep
 The withered flowers of life's sweet summer
 bloom ;
 And memory hears their rustling, as she strays
 'Mid those dried garlands of departed days.

Oh! they are pensive thoughts that round us throng,
 When the first wreaths of joy are brown and sere,
 And, listening for the accustomed voice of song,
 Life's withered foliage rustles on the ear;—
 The voice of birds,—the hum of streams,—the
 round
 Of gay winged insects, changed for this one sound.

But garnered in the spirit's treasure cell,
 Lies a rich harvest gleaned from summer toil;
 And he who life's young plants hath nurtured well,
 From many a weary field bears back a spoil,
 Whose golden stores breathe forth the lesson deep,
 That as the laborer sows his hand shall reap.

And though the earth's faded flowers above the
 tomb

Of long departed hopes may thickly press,
 And summer birds no more their songs resume,
 Still doth the heart a richer store possess,
 If, far beneath, by those pale leaves o'er-blown,
 The seed of Everlasting Life be sown.

Its crown of green yon forest shall resume,
 And other flowers full soon to earth be given;
 But ere the soul renew its spring-tide bloom,
 Its budding leaves must feel the air of Heaven,
 And from the grave of early hope shall rise,
 A fadeless plant to blossom in the skies.

A DEDICATION TRIBUTE.

Let it prove,
A record of pure thoughts and holy love.

SWEET be the hoarded memories softly lying
On thine unwritten leaves, thou Tablet fair,
When Time hath traced them o'er with gems undying
Of noble thought, and lines of beauty rare.

Tell thou no tale to him, whose fond hand straying
Hereafter 'mid thy leaves, some balm shall claim,
In the clear light 'round gentle fancies playing,
Or the charmed magic of a cherished name.

Tell thou no tale of bitterness or sorrow—
Restore no dream that he would fain forget—
Yield not one thought from which his soul may borrow
The pang of grief, the shadowings of regret.

Years have gone by, in which his steps unheeding,
Adown a thorny path have hotly pressed;
He hath turned backward weary, torn and bleeding;
Grant thou but flowers to one who needeth rest.

And if the cloud-girt Past still hover o'er him,
 Or fold around his soul a brooding wing,
 Spread thou a halo of the Heaven before him,
 That shall athwart the gloom its lustre fling.

Here rest the gathered sweets of spirits loving,
 Of friendships pure, that never woke to tears :
 A rich Herbarium of culled blossoms proving,
 With fragrance hoarded up for other years.

ALONE.

ADIEU once more yon verdant shore ;
 The waves beneath me foam,
 And let them bear, it boots not where,
 A heart that hath no home.

There's many an eye that anxiously
 Looks o'er the widening sea ;
 And weeps to mark our lessening bark,
 But none lament for me.

No heart hath heard my parting word,
 With answer fond and low ;
 And there are none with kindly tone,
 To greet me where I go.

I've trod the strand of many a land,
 I've sailed the ocean blue,
 But ne'er have met one heart, as yet,
 That wept for my adieu.

Our vessel's track is left far back,
 Upon the careless waves ;
 The idlest breeze that stirs the seas,
 Some trace in passing leaves.

The frailest flowers of yonder bowers,
 Some boon to memory give,
 The cloudlets even, the mists of heaven,
 May in the waters live.

But with such path, unmarked, as hath
 The arrow on the air,
 I move among this human throng,
 And leave no token there.

There's not on earth one household hearth,
 That lights for me its shrine ;
 No loving breast hath e'er confess'd
 A kindred taste to mine.

All that have name some love may claim,
 From earth, or sea, or sky ;
 You could not bring one living thing,
 That's half so lone as I.

Each human tie, with envious eye
 I watch, as famine grim
 Surveys the board with plenty stored,
 That hath no crumb for him.

A gathered reed, a leafless weed,
 Upon the waters thrown,
 I may not dare that love to share,
 Where I no birthright own.

Farewell once more yon gleaming shore ;
 The waves beneath me foam,
 And let them bear, it boots not where,
 A heart that hath no home.

THE SUN LOOKED DOWN.

THE Sun looked down on a summer bower,
 Where, mingled with laughing gleams, was flung
 The trembling shadow of many a flower,
 And the clustering grapes o'er the arch that hung
 Had bared their cheeks to the mellow light,
 And won from his glance a deeper hue,
 And, under that bower, a maiden bright
 Peered out through the leaves with her eyes of
 blue.

The floating curls of her golden hair
 Waved light in the shadows that o'er them fell ;
 Youth's roses and lilies were nestling there,
 And happiness breathed in her bosom's swell :
 On her dewy lip there were smiles asleep,
 And her dimpled cheek and her azure eye
 Were touched with a glow more glad and deep,
 As the visions of Memory floated by.

Some burning hope had aroused her soul,
 For still as the leaves to the light breeze stirred,
 A brighter flush o'er her young cheek stole,
 And fluttered her heart like a humming-bird ;
 And then, as they paused, with lips apart,
 She bent for the sound an eager ear,
 And the glow went back to her burning heart,
 When she listened again, and no step came near.

A halo unwonted around her gleamed,
 Pure as if won from the realms above,
 And, doubly beautiful, there she seemed,
 Nursing her visions of early love.

The sun looked down on the Ocean's breast,
 Where the joyous waves were all at play,
 And he yielded a gleam to each foaming crest,
 And traced bright hues on the flashing spray ;

And under those waves, with his piercing ray,
 Onward he glanced through the waters deep,
 Where, pillowing his head on the sea-flowers, lay
 A youth, on the ocean bed, asleep.

Calm, as a child to rest composed,
 On his cold strange couch his form was cast;
 But his hazel eyes, though half unclosed,
 On the things of earth had looked their last.
 Life's loveliest lines were lingering there;
 But the glow of his cheek had passed away,
 And, backward washed from his forehead fair,
 His chestnut locks on the white sands lay.

Pale were his gentle lips, and mute,
 And hushed, for aye, was his heart's warm flow;
 And the rainbow-tinted ocean lute,
 Beside him murmured a requiem low.
 Down on his silent ocean bed,
 Changeless and deep shall his slumber be—
 He was the youth whose coming tread
 That maiden was waiting so joyously.

GENERAL RILEY.

THEY bear him forth, they bear him forth
 With many a martial strain,
 And, to the genial household hearth,
 He will not come again ;
 His stately plumes are drooping low—
 The brow they loved to shade,
 No more their waving touch shall know ;
 For cold and lowly laid,
 With trailing banners o'er him cast,
 The war-worn soldier sleeps at last.

They bear him forth, they bear him forth,
 And many a cheek is wet,
 For throngs that mark a hero's worth,
 Shall hoard his memory yet ;
 And, linked with many a noble thought,
 The tide of song shall swell
 Aloft, the name of him who fought
 His country's battles well ;
 And when the clash of war was o'er,
 The wreath of victory proudly wore.

He sleeps at last, he sleeps at last—
 On many a blood-stained plain,
 The death-winged volleys o'er him passed,
 And from his brethren slain,

And from the desert's burning track,
 And from the tropic sky,
 He bore his crown of glory back,
 Amid his friends to die.
 Fold well his mantle round his breast,
 And let the war-scarred hero rest.

His kindling eye shall flash no more,
 'Mid hosts for battle met;
 His ear shall heed no cannon's roar—
 No bugle rouse him yet;
 The heart that never quailed with fear,
 Where fields are lost and won,
 Hath met its own stern conqueror here;
 The soldier's task is done.
 The sword that blazed yon hosts amid,
 Lies sheathed upon his coffin lid.

Aye, pour your martial music forth—
 Bring requiems for the dead,
 And weep that from yon lonely hearth,
 A noble heart has fled.
 The wild-wood trees above his tomb
 Their victor-wreaths shall wave,
 And flowers shall waste their early bloom
 In fragrance round his grave.
 Fold well his mantle round his breast,
 And let the war-scarred hero rest.

MORN AND EVEN.

THE sun hath chased the matin shades,
 And lit the woodlands brown,
 And glitters from the frosty blades,
 That hewed the acorns down ;
 And, as a conquered legion flies
 Before the victor's lance,
 The foe that stole the summer's dyes
 Hath perished at his glance.

But swift, his rustling pathway o'er,
 The crafty squirrel toils,
 To gather to some secret store,
 The frost's ungarnered spoils.
 And o'er the stubble fields away,
 The School-boy's shout is heard,
 As, from his rifle's harmless play,
 Upsoars some timid bird.

Far o'er the smoky plains we gaze,
 Till, in the distance blue,
 The hills we loved in early days
 Seem rising back to view ;
 And we can bless the hazy sky
 For that soft veil she flings,
 That gives a glimpse to Fancy's eye,
 Of once familiar things

The flowers with which the angels strewed
 The footsteps of the spring,
 No more from garden, vale and wood,
 Their joy, and fragrance fling,
 But, gathered by some silent hand,
 Their glory-tinted dyes
 Are gleaming o'er the mourning land,
 From out the sunset skies.

Pale thought, from earth's dull thraldom come,
 And glean thy fields with care,
 And, to the spirit's harvest home,
 Thine autumn treasures bear ;
 And teach me, like those flowerets blest,
 When life's last ties are riven,
 To leave above my icy rest,
 A glory in the Heaven.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE stars are at their middle watch, and deep
 Around me hang the curtains of the Night,
 And yet the hand of slumber is withdrawn
 From off my eyelids, and my busy thoughts
 Have shaken the night-drops from their wings, and
 swept

Forth with their morning vigor. O'er the world,
 The hand of Sleep hath spread her mystic pall,
 And all is hushed that tells of human life :
 And yet it is not still ; the cricket's song—
 The insects' ceaseless whirr—the myriads sounds
 From unseen melodists, that rouse the air,
 Are all abroad, as if each bending leaf,
 Or every virgin flower, had won some harp
 To woo its perfumed breath the while it sleeps,
 Wrapped in its nightly drapery of dew,
 And worship in its praise the live-long night.
 Know ye no sleep, ye ever-singing choir?
 Are your harps strung to one unceasing tune
 Of thrilling joy, till the worn chords have burst
 With the o'erburdening melody, at last?
 Or do ye slumber while the jarring sounds
 Of human discord are abroad, and keep
 Your songs for these pure hours, when Night hath
 wept

Her floods of holy tears, and washed all taint
 Out from the shriven air? Have ye not ears
 That catch the strains of spirit worlds? And pour
 Ye not for us their echoed symphonies?
 Methinks the strains of that far land should breathe
 In just such pure and never wearying flow—
 Just such a tale of teeming joy as this.
 Amid this concord of harmonious sound,
 Half-heard, and yet distinct, comes up a throb,
 Solemn and deep, as if some organ tone

Far off was trembling on midnight air.
 'Tis the low heart-beat from each sleeper's couch,
 For the unconscious dreamer measuring out,
 With busy pulse, his fleeting span of life—
 Man's three-score years and ten—a breath of time.

Midway against the forest battlements
 That skirt the horizon's verge, a veil of mist
 Lies stretched in wavy and transparent folds,
 As if the Angels, come to watch our sleep,
 Had left their Heaven-wrought mantles floating
 there,
 And hied them to their tasks.

Where yon pale light
 Shines through the locust boughs, a watcher sits,
 And counts the feeble throbbing of a heart
 That will not beat to-morrow. There lies one,
 Who, through the flowery vale of youth, came up,
 And glanced on life; and while its morning dew
 Was fresh upon his lip, and manhood's sun
 Showered its first rays around him, he hath bowed
 Low, at an unseen stroke, and the bright flowers
 That Hope had twined in beauty round his brow,
 Lie withering on his couch. The soul doth still
 Gleam through those spiritual eyes, but with a
 light
 That is not of this world; and the low voice
 That breathes along those pallid lips to-night
 Is wakening its last music. In what spot,

Amid those deepened shades of night, doth now
 He of the bended bow and pallid steed,
 Await his victim? Through what airy paths
 Do the attendant angels come and go,
 That cheer his spirit? On what downy cloud
 In heaven's pavilion, rests the cherub throng,
 With ready hands, and golden harps attuned,
 Waiting his heart's last pulsings, ere they wake
 Their songs of welcome, and convoy him home?
 The village sleeps—the solemn shadows lie
 Unmoved around me, and the sentinel stars
 Wheel slowly with their watch-fires down the
 Heavens—

I see no more; and yet my spirit thrills
 As if a thousand kindred voices waked
 Its inmost echoes, and my eye doth seek,
 In vain, some ray that shall embody forms,
 That must, though all unseen, be lingering near.

O, Night! thou spreadest thy dusky curtains forth,
 And a strange awe steals o'er us—the dim shapes
 That throng the vision, faint and undefined,
 Seem but the shadowing forth of things unseen,
 And yet eternal; and a sacred voice,
 Unheard amid the busier glare of day,
 Awakes within our bosom, in a song
 Of quiet gladness, or a broken strain
 Of melancholy music—as some touch,
 Forgotten, yet familiar, swept o'er chords

Untuned and shattered, but retaining still
 The rich and thrilling sweetness of a tone
 Oft heard, we know not where—that mystic tone
 That binds our souls to past and future being
 With meaning fraught but never understood.
 Like the lone bird that, from its native groves
 Borne, ere its songs were heard, and, all untaught,
 Pours from its prison-house its saddened strains,
 When first there falls upon its wondering ear,
 Some passing note of wild-wood minstrelsy ;
 We pause, and list—and pause, and listen still ;
 And strive in vain to ring the echo back.
 There are mysterious things in earth and air,
 Above us and around, but most within ;
 And the far-reaching thought goes to and fro,
 Seeking from whence it came, and where it tends—
 What world its source, and where its limit lies ;
 Wildered and lost in each successive search
 It turns, and turns again, and finds no bound ;
 And the weak heart beats with a deeper thrill,
 Startled with its own pulsings.

From the vale

Of cold oblivion comes the breathing throng
 Up to the paths of life, and, one by one,
 Strive to unravel, with their feeble hands,
 Existence' tangled knot, but find no clue,
 And wearied with the fruitless toil sink back,
 And darkness closes o'er them. Yet they come,

Myriads on myriads, to the teeming world,
 Trampling, with hurried feet, the inanimate dust—
 Of throngs, the beatings of whose earnest hearts
 Waked them from nothingness; and pressing on,
 Proud as a war horse panting for the strife—
 Burning to waste their strength, or find it vain.
 Yet each existence, from its own decay,
 Renews itself—perpetuating still
 The mystery which we cannot comprehend.
 We feel thy thrill, oh, Life! from youth to age,
 Bounding, or calm—in vigor, or decay.
 We gaze, oh, Death! upon the voiceless forms
 Who felt thy touch, and then must feel no more,
 And yet what learn we?

'Mid the mystic tones
 That ever breathe within us, and around
 In that sweet foreign language, still one harp
 Gives to the listener no uncertain sound—
 The chorus deep—the burden of that song
 Is Immortality.

TO ———.

With a path of green behind you,
No matter what's before.

I STRETCH no hand to yonder laurel bowers,
To gather from their leaves a wreath for thee ;
No garland bright of rainbow-tinted flowers,
No chain of diamonds shall my offering be.

A simple wish—but not the often spoken,
That time may o'er thy path no shadow fling,
That thou may'st live with hope's first dreams
unbroken,
Untempted and unproved—for thee I bring.

I ask no monarch's pomp—no glittering treasure
From the deep cavern's of Golconda's mine;
A wealth no earthly coffers e'er can measure,
No clod-born spirit prize, e'en now is thine.

Gems from the soul's rich hoards are round thee
gleaming ;
Strains from the spirit land above thee sweep ;
Thou hast pure founts in moss-grown valleys
streaming,
Stars in the heavens, and pearl-shells in the deep.

But may thy heart be still an urn o'er flowing,
 Of holy waters, filling as it pours,
 Flashing and bright in the rich sunlight glowing,
 And sparing nought from its exhaustless stores ;

Gathering the heavenly dew that's falling o'er
 thee,
 And scattering freely through life's wilderness ;
 And though the path be dry and parched before
 thee,
 Verdure and flowers shall close behind thee press.

And though with strength far spent thy course be
 ended,
 Thou shalt glance back from 'neath the throne
 of God,
 To trace with joy the hues of beauty blended,
 The line of green that marks the path thou'st
 trod.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

THEY have heaped the green turf o'er her—coldly
 o'er my radiant child,
 And I press the tear-drops backward on a heart
 with anguish wild :

They have heaped the green turf o'er her, and the
 marble bears her name,
 And she dwells where he who wooed her, watched
 and waited till she came.

THE RECOVERED TREASURES.

With her fair tresses from their fillet burst
 And flowing o'er her shoulders; and an arm
 That, witless of the sleeve's forgotten clasp,
 Betrayed the Parian marble's perfect mould;
 In a rapt dream, upon the floor she sat,
 With her recovered treasures.

Chains of Gold,

And pearls that on her brow, in festal hours
 Had shone, out-rivaled by her brow of pearl,
 And diamonds whose deep founts of living light
 Had gleamed, the envy of a princely throng,
 In her fair island home across the wave;—
 Gems with loved names upon them—gifts from
 those
 Whose hearts were linked with hers in happier days,
 Upon her lap were scattered, from a case,
 To whose embrasures rich the sea-weed clung,
 And o'er whose rust-worn gildings deeply lay;
 The crusted brine of ocean.

Through the leaves
 Stole the warm sun-beams of a tropic sky,
 To woo the kindred glances of the pearl,
 The emerald, or the ruby, and the breeze
 Turned from its dalliance with the love-sick flowers
 To waste soft whispers on those jewels rare ;
 And dames, and maidens peered thro' doors ajar,
 Upon their blaze of splendor, wistfully.

Why shook the hand that held them ? why came
 down

The blinding tears upon them, from an eye
 Whose light out-shone their brilliancy of yore ?
 Came they not stainless from the hungry sea ?
 Lacked they one tittle of the worth that won
 The praise of half an Empire ? Had she found
 One proud link broken, or one diamond gone ?
 No, bright as when he bore them to his caves
 The ocean had restored them :—yet they brought
 But bitter memories to the heart that once
 Had feasted on their beauty.

Here was laid
 A chain of brilliant coral, richly linked
 With many a clasp of gold, in careless coil,
 Just as it left the neck of infancy ;
 And with the impress of a half-formed tooth
 Amid its chasings. And beside it, fell

They have heaped the green turf o'er her, and the
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 Amid its chasings. And beside it, fell

A simple ring, the pledge of early love,
Breathing its thrilling whispers to her soul
Of joy, and desolation.

Where were they?
The noble heart that plighted thus its faith;—
And the fair child of whom that token spoke?
O, with what fearful power, upon her thought,
Came back that hour of parting; when, far up
Amid the cordage of a sinking wreck,
Sundered from him she clung to with a prayer,
To live or perish with him, she was borne,
The stricken victim of the tempest's rage,
Unharm'd, a stranger to a foreign shore
With nothing left her but the boon of life,
That is *not good, alone*.

And these were not—
For whom she parted from a princely home,
And the fair borders of her native land.

Why came these jewels to her, with their tales
Of vanished happiness, to rouse anew
The all absorbing grief that at her heart
Sapped fast the living fountains? Tho' their light
Could win a kingdom, or a realm subdue,
They had no ray to cheer her darkened path,
And, in the strength of her despair, she cast

The casket from her, murmuring, with choked
breath,

“Fling me these baubles to the mocking deep,
That gives not back the dead.”

O when the soul
Is torn from all to which its tendrils cling,
And to the restless yearnings of its love
Earth yields no answer—when the priceless hoards
Kept by affection in her secret cells,
The fell destroyer wasteth, and the voice
Of chilling silence meets us for the tones
On which the spirit hung as if for life;
What is the wealth of gold, the pride of fame,
The pomp—the glitter of a flattering world,
That cannot bind us, in its stretch of power,
The simplest thing we cherish.

When the blight
Comes down from heaven on what the soul had
sought

To cheer existence, there is naught below,
Amid the trappings of this vaunting earth,
To fling the pall back from the spirit's night,
Or fill the void within; and, knowing this,
Let us look upward from these changing toys,
And learn to store our treasures in a land
Where parting comes not.

CHILD'S SONG.

MOTHER, my foot hath strayed for hours
Away from the walks of home,
For the garden of earth is filled with flowers,
And I could not choose but roam.

The spring hath arrayed each drooping bough,
In the fresh green robes she weaves ;
And the breeze came sweeping them o'er my brow,
With their soft and dewy leaves :

And their gentle touch was passing sweet,—
I was glad that things so fair,
With kisses should stoop my form to meet,
And give me a welcome there.

There are trillions white as th' drifted snow,
And the wind-flower's lovely tinge,
And the adder-tongues with their sunny glow,
And the green brake's curling fringe :—

From the roots of the tangled trees they spring,
Or the bed of the fallen beech ;
Each wild nook claims some beauteous thing,
Where the shadowy light can reach.

I gathered at first from bower, and glade,
 Till my grasp was brimming o'er;
 But I saw them droop at my touch, and fade,
 And I wept, and culled no more.

The box hath her silken turban cast,
 O'er the earth's young blades of green;
 And my feet upon richer carpets passed,
 Than are spread for an Empire's Queen.

With a gentle voice the fountains sing
 To the mossy banks they kiss,
 And the wild birds flit upon flashing wing,
 With their gushings out of bliss.

Each shaft in the forest's arching dome,
 Is bright with the hues they wear;
 I think they have soared to the rainbow's home,
 And borrowed their beauty there.

A hemlock old by the woodman's stroke
 Half felled, with its gloomy crest
 Was caught in the boughs of a giant oak,
 And had lain for years at rest:

So I climbed to a seat in the mottled shade,
 Where the birds rejoiced to be;

And gazed on a spring with a pebbly bed,
That was laughing aloud for glee.

It seemed, with a voice of wondrous love,
To welcome the sunlight's glow ;
And the songsters were not more bright above,
Than the tiny fish below.

They tell us of gold, and diamonds rare,
In the caverns far away ;
But I know there's nothing so lovely there,
As the things I've seen to-day.

To the breeze the proud rose-almond sheds,
The gems of its glorious crown ;
And the purple lilacs bend their heads
To gaze on the tulips down.

The light that the arching heavens impart,
Like a ray of love divine,
Is nestling close to each floweret's heart,
As thy fond glance steals to mine.

Most beautiful clouds are drifting low,
Where the farthest woodlands rise ;
I should love to hide in their folds of snow,
Away in the holy skies.

You say there are angels sent from heaven,
 To watch o'er the human breast;
 And to whisper of peace, and sins forgiven:—
 Do you think it is there they rest?

Methinks that if once their wings were furled,
 They would ask no homeward flight;
 They know indeed of a brighter world,
 But this is exceeding bright.

MORNING AFTER AN AUTUMN STORM.

THE morn hath broke, the storm is o'er
 That raved this wreck-strewn beach along;
 The waves are dancing to the shore,
 With snatches of their summer song,
 And pebbles from the caves of night,
 Are flashing back the new-born light.

Far up the crags the tempest's hand
 Hath written out its deeds of power,
 And hung the rocks with wreaths of sand,
 As tokens of that triumph's hour,
 That now is humbled at the will,
 Of Him who bids the waves be still.

The winds are hushed ; the lake's blue breast
 Is flecked with many a snowy sail,
 That in some distant cove of rest,
 Had hidden from the baffled gale,
 Till wooed by softer winds to glide,
 In safety o'er the slumbering tide.

The leaves that traced, the summer through,
 Their tales of love upon the sky,
 No more against the arches blue
 In soft reposing fondness lie;
 Half veiling with their shadowy screen,
 The starry eyes that glanced between.

But withered, like the hearts that beat
 Beneath them, when the year was young ;
 When thrilled their shades to whisper sweet ;
 And songs amid their clusters rung ;—
 They're scattered from the barren boughs,
 Like youth's fair dreams, or falsehood's vows.

The beams that drove the tempest back,
 And calmed awhile the wailing surge,
 Can call no blossoms round our track,
 Nor hush the Autumn's sorrowing dirge,
 For still upon the breeze we hear
 The requiem of the dying year.

So when the hopes we cherished first,
 From life's chilled tendrils fall, and die ;
 Though sometimes through the clouds may burst,
 The sunbeams of a summer sky,
 They call not back love's vanished throng,
 Nor check the spirit's mourning song.

O, there are hearts, that still delayed
 Upon life's changeful pilgrim way,
 Have watched too many a summer fade ;
 Have seen too oft the flowers decay,
 And yearning for happier clime,
 With wistful sadness "bide their time."

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

THERE's a nameless grave on Erie's shore,
 'Mid the forest shadows deep,
 Where an Indian maid was borne of yore,
 In her bridal robes to sleep.

Not a stone or cross points out the spot,
 But the ivy round it creeps,
 And the clinging grape a bower hath wrought
 Where the young Elweenah sleeps.

The pride of a warrior tribe she grew ;
 Her eye was the flash of dawn ;
 Her step was light as the falling dew
 And fleet as the bounding fawn.

And a mighty chieftain sought her hand,
 But her glance was turned away,
 And heedless still of her sire's command,
 Her calm lip answered "Nay."

Then the spirit of wrath on the chieftain's brow
 His terrible wings outspread—
 "We will teach that haughty crest to bow
 Ere the morrow wanes," he said.

"There's a pale-faced hunter, faint and fair,
 Like a worm at your bosom's core ;
 We will bring the curls of his sunny hair
 To hang at your wigwam door :

But we'll leave behind his eyes of blue
 And his cheek of the summer rose,
 For Kishwullah's aim is swift and true,
 And venomed the dart he throws."

Elweenah in silence her wampum wove,
 But her heart with woe ran o'er,
 For the dream of the pale-faced hunter's love
 Lay deep at her bosom's core.

And calm though the chieftain's glance she met,
 She trembled the while she heard,
 For she knew that never in idle threat
 Had been breathed Kishwullah's word.

Then up she rose with her eye's dark flash,
 And her cheek of burning flame—
 "I will yield," she said, "to my father's wish—
 Kishwullah my troth may claim.

But I'll build the altar where I wed,
 And choose for my own array,
 And those who will follow the path I tread
 Shall see me a bride to-day."

She twined her hair with the nightshade's leaves
 And the pearls of the white cohush,
 And blended the wreaths that the ivy weaves
 With the bright lobelia's flush.

From the raven's plumes was her mantle drest,
 And a shaft on her breast was lain,
 And down through the forest aisles she prest,
 With the wondering bridal train,

To the side of a stream whose wild cascade
 O'er the beetling rocks was hurled,
 And gracefully flecked with light and shade
 The white mists upward curled.

Afar in the midst a single stone
 On the tottering verge was seen,
 With the scattered drift-wood round it thrown,
 And a mossy tuft of green.

Away from the flower-strewn bank she sprung ;
 On a ragged point that shot
 From the waves, her foot a moment hung—
 She had gained the point she sought :

And stood with the waters wild between
 Her form and the stricken train,
 Where nothing that lives before had been
 And nothing shall be again.

“ Come on, for my bridal shrine I choose
 On this trembling rock to rear,
 Where my lips may breathe their holiest vows
 In the white Manitou’s ear.

I bowed to the foam-god* long ago
 At the gleaming fountain’s side,
 And here, where my heart’s first faith I owe,
 Kishwullah, receive thy bride.

* It is customary among various Indian tribes for each individual to choose for himself at an early age some deity to worship.

My foot is firm and my eye is clear—
 And thou of the warrior's fame
 And the spirit that never has quailed to fear,
 Canst follow the path I came.

Ha! ha! thy name no more with dread
 Shall the white-lipped foe repeat;
 Thou hast shrunk from the track of a timid maid,
 And fearest thy bride to meet.

But for me a stronger arm is spread
 Far down in the boiling tide;
 Of the sheeted foam is my nuptial bed—
 Manitou, receive thy bride."

She was gone from the frail and trembling verge
 To the gloomy gulf below,
 And the waters sang her a mournful dirge,
 And the woods caught up their woe.

They gathered her form when morning rose,
 From the white sands where it lay,
 And bearing her here to her last repose,
 They turned in their gloom away.

SUSIE FLINN.

O, SUSIE FLINN's got back again,
Her cup of pleasure's "drunk,"
And all the clothes she flaunted in
Are in that old green trunk.

Her yellow silk was modeled new,
Her drab had flounces four;
And she could boast the poplin blue
Her cousin's mistress wore.

Her rings and pin were quite the thing,
Quite grand her watch and chain;
The sett was hired of Keese and Kling,
And—might be hired again.

In charming smiles her lips were drest:
They never heard of krout;
And she was fixed to travel West,
The grandest lady out.

Along Chicago's cool retreats
She tossed her dainty head;
And, in Galena's shelving streets,
Minced softly o'er the lead.

Her friends were in society,
 But Susie made a stir,
 And thought their western quality
 Scarce good enough for her.

She scorned the trade of "packing pork:"
 'Twas freely whispered there
 She had a cousin in New-York
 Was *something* to the Mayor.

But Susie Flinn's got back again,
 And, in the small front store,
 She weighs the soap, and mackerel,
 And counts the change once more.

She's paid the bill to Keese and Kling,
 And told her conquests o'er;
 And waits for Western mails to bring
 The post-boy to the door.

The bait she flung was nibbed, no doubt,
 And—travel isn't dear—
 So, if you'll live on beans and krout,
 You too may flaunt next year.

THE LOST RING.

WITHIN the chancel's sacred shade,
 Where, shorn of strength, the sunbeams rolled,
 Through many a casement, checked and stayed,
 And, in strange tints, their glory laid
 On jeweled book, and curtain fold,
 And forms that gifted hands assayed
 To shape in more than earthly mould,
 Till life, that o'er the canvas played,
 A hallowed haunt for worship made ;—
 Before the surpliced priest, and stoled,
 She knelt, in gorgeous robes arrayed,
 And breathed the vow ambition bade ;
 But, 'mid each slow response there came,
 The echo of an oath betrayed ;—
 The sound of an unuttered name ;—
 A heart of hope all lowly laid ;—
 A sunken cheek, an eye of flame,
 Before her sight would rise, and fade,
 Till feeling shook her kneeling frame.

The bridal ring was brought, and blest,
 But from her trembling hand it rolled,
 And sought some secret place of rest,
 'Mid marble shaft, and curtain fold :

Then wonder shook each groomsmen's breast,
And bridesmaids shrunk, with awe oppress,

As vainly, through that chancel old,
They sought the ring that still should grace
The bridals of that mighty race,—

The ring that warriors proved, and bold,
On gentle hands had loved to place,
Before the surpliced priest and stoled.

They traced with awe the chancel o'er,
They closely searched the sacred shrine,
And forms that marks of ages bore,—
By careless hands untouched before,
Were lifted, not as forms divine ;
In vain, in vain, they found no more,
That symbol of a mighty line.

Again the priest that vow rehearsed,—
Again her lip its power confest,
And chased, and graven like the first,
A bridal ring was brought, and blest ;
And though her heart were fain to burst,
She smothered, at her proud behest,
Each fond regret that memory nurst,—
Each fear that struggled in her breast.

They brought the price of falsehood's vow,—
Montmorion's glittering diadem,

And placed it on her marble brow ;—
 A fire was in each costly gem,—
 A flame that seemed to seethe and glow,
 In ceaseless surges through her brain,
 That seemed in every pulse to flow,
 Till reason claimed her power in *vain*.

Beneath the chancel's sacred shade,
 Where, shorn of strength, the sunbeams rolled,
 Through many a grating, checked and stayed,
 And tints, scarce moved from darkness, laid
 On marble shaft, and crumbling mould,—
 Where gifted hands their skill assayed
 And, in strange forms of power, portrayed
 The pomp of heroes famed and old,—
 With trailing weeds, and footsteps staid,
 And sable plumes that waved, and played
 Amid the caverns damp, and cold,
 They bore, in coffin robes arrayed,
 Behind the surpliced priest, and stoled,
 The victim of an oath betrayed,—
 The wasted wreck ambition made,—
 The last of lineage proud and old,
 An infant on her breast was laid,
 Beneath the dark pall's trembling fold,
 And, when the priest had o'er them prayed,
 They backward rolled the stone with care,
 From off the sealed and sculptured tomb,
 That waited for the coming heir ;—

'Mid shivering weed, and nodding plume,
 And torches struggling to illume
 Dim mould'ring vault, and scutcheon fair,
 A single ray amid the gloom,
 Was glimmering on the marble bare,
 Within the dark and sculptured tomb,
 That waited for the coming heir ;—
 The ring that at the altar blest,
 Her trembling hand had shrunk to wear,
 Through some strange niche had downward pressed,
 And in the darksome vault found rest,—
 Of sculptured tomb a tenant rare ;—
 The ring that long they sought in vain ;—
 The ring that heroes watched with care,—
 The ring no mortal hand again,
 'Neath sacred shrine might claim to wear,
 For, wrecked within its proud domain,
 By perjured heart, and tottering brain,
 Montmorion's line had perished there.

“IT WAS THY HAND, OH TIME.”

I FELT there was a chilling breath
 Poured ice-like o'er my changing brow,
 And the light fires that burned beneath,
 Unroused and cold, were slumbering now.

My eye had lost its joyous light,
 My lips their wonted wreath of smiles :
 The spring-time brought no garland bright,
 Nor one sweet song the forest wilds.

The flowers, 'tis true, to bloom would start—
 The sunlight pour its tints of gold ;
 But could not wake my wearied heart
 To rapture, as in days of old.

And then I deem'd the flowers must be
 Less lovely in this stranger land,
 And the young breeze less fresh and free
 Than that which erst my temples fanned.

I deemed that to my veins once more
 Their bounding pulse of life would come,
 Could I but taste the mountain air
 That wandered o'er my early home.

With fainting step, o'er mount and wave,
 I passed to seek my native glen—
 My lip to cool, my brow to lave,
 Amid its bursting springs again.

And it was there—the dancing stream,
 That o'er the cliff so madly dashed :
 Still, with its wild and joyous gleam,
 Unaltered in the sunlight flashed.

The wild winds that I loved to hear,
 Still through the rocking pine-trees breathed,
 And flowers, to Life's first memories dear,
 In each wild nook their garlands wreathed.

The mountain mists that upward curled,
 And upward bore my spirit too,
 Till all the light of all the world
 Seemed compassed in one glorious view,

Curled upward still, and still could fling
 Its hues, all gorgeous, to the wind;
 Yet sadly, with untempted wing,
 My weary spirit lagged behind.

My early friends—I found them not:
 The young—the beautiful—the fair—
 But still, in each familiar spot,
 Strange faces met me everywhere.

And scattered were the forms I loved:
 The hearts that used my mirth to share—
 So to their distant homes I roved
 To chide my spirit's sadness there.

I found them—and their bosoms yet
 Were clustering warm round Memory's shrine;
 But ah! on every brow I met
 The signet that I felt on mine.

Again I sought where brighter skies
 On fairer lands their glories shed,
 And graceful groups and beauteous dyes
 Were o'er the glowing landscape spread.

The birds' rich song—the bursting flowers—
 The fountain's softly murmuring flow—
 The drooping fruit—the vine-clad bowers—
 Were like an Eden here below.

I bade the breeze, with odors rife,
 Amid my loosened locks to roll,
 And wake once more to buoyant life
 The gelid current of my soul.

I felt the South-wind's balmy play ;
 I wooed the Summer's joyous smile ;
 And bathed me in the dancing spray
 Of many a bright and glorious isle.

Yet still upon my lip and brow
 Their rigid seal unloosened lay ;
 And calmer grew my pulse's flow,
 And colder waxed my spirit's play.

Young, lovely faces round me shone ;
 Free, happy voices rent the air :
 My bosom waked no answering tone—
 My heart could find no echo there.

And then I knew no foreign clime
 Had thus the pulse of Life congealed—
 It was the icy hand of Time,
 Whose signet on my brow was sealed.

LULU.

WHEN hope was bright, and life was young,
 My foot trod firm and free,
 Where drooping trees their foliage hung
 Beside the summer sea.

And while the waves with beauty rife
 Came plashing to the shore,
 I wove an airy dream of life,
 And conned it o'er and o'er.

For Fancy traced a glittering path
 That stretched before me far,
 Adorned with gold, and laurel wreath,
 And one bright guiding star.

My heart, amid the toils of earth,
 Should o'er all conflicts rise;
 And still, for every deed of worth,
 Sweet Lulu was the prize.

And I could tempt the ocean's wrath,
And, in the southern isles,
Could carve to wealth a weary path,
To win the maiden's smiles.

Till Lulu, at my toil-won worth,
Should bend her brow of pride ;
And down the sunny vales of earth,
Tread gaily at my side.

Thus, o'er the Future's glittering way,
My fancy wandered far,
'Mid toils, and gold, and garlands gay,
With one sweet guiding star.

But while each golden dream again,
I traced with fancy free ;
A boat, that bore a bridal train,
Came floating o'er the sea.

Their garlands swept exultingly,
Above the summer tide ;
Their strains of music passed me by,
And Lulu was the bride.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

THE zephyr was softly stealing in
To lift the locks on his temples thin;
And sweep with its fingers of perfume,
O'er many a harp, in that curious room,
Whose chords would at times give back a strain,
That woke at the touch, and died again.
The sun o'er the distant hills had rolled
The curtains back from his tent of gold,
And their folds, with jeweled fringes hung,
Far over the western sky were flung;
While the rose leaves sweet, and the diamonds fell,
From the broidery rich, o'er wood and dell;
And the pearls stole up from the waters' breast,
To wait on the god of the day to rest.
There were lowly cot, and castled height,
To bathe in the flood of purple light;
But its best, and sweetest tints were thrown,
Through the clust'ring flowers of that casement lone,
And wandered through dim, and crowded nook,
O'er organ, and lute, and music-book;
For the key, and the chord those niches throng,
Proclaiming the hand of a child of song.
And sculptured marble, and statue rare,
And the spell of the painter's art were there;

The tribute of many a storied land,
 All gathered, and grouped by a dreamer's hand :—
 The relics where genius high had sought,
 To body in matter the gems of thought :
 Companions boon of the key and string,
 The room was rich in their shadowing,
 And he of the earnest soul who sought,
 All visions, and forms that beauty wrought,
 Whose life from his cradle hours had been
 A strife, from the realms of thought to win,
 A sound, or a shape that might impart
 A satiate joy to his yearning heart,
 Was leaning back by the casement there,
 To quaff the tide of freshened air ;
 And bidding its waves of odor roll,
 With a halcyon balm o'er his fainting soul :
 For feeble and cold was his pulse's flow,
 And heavily came his breath, and slow :
 A light dew lay on his temples fair,
 And dampened his rich and massy hair ;
 And over his dreamy hazel eye
 The shadowy lid drooped wearily.
 The rose from his rounded cheek had flown, .
 But leaf by leaf, till the last was gone.
 So gently had ebb'd his strength away,
 He never had thought of life's decay ;
 But ever his mortal robes had hung,
 Like a stranger's mantle round him flung,
 So thin that his spirit still could view,

The light of its own world gleaming through :
For forms unseen by a mortal eye,
By fancy unreach'd, at times were nigh :
And often the depths of his soul were stirred,
By sounds that no other ear had heard :
For his own rich strains of swelling song,
Were caught, and trilled by the spirit throng,
With a deepened pathos, o'er and o'er,
And a sweetness he had not dreamed before.
The world had granted him praises free ;
His name had been borne o'er land and sea,
And the noble, and proud at his feet had rolled,
Their boundless proffer of love, or gold.
But each classic nook in that chamber dim,
Had more than the world could give to him ;
And he turned from the wondering crowd away,
To cherish his visions day by day.—
There rose from a dim cathedral near,
The vesper hymn to his listening ear :
And he strove to mingle, once again,
His voice with the old familiar strain,
But the air just thrilled with the faint assay,
And the sound from his pale lips died away.
'Twas a jeweled lute his chair beside,
And its chords once more his fingers tried ;
It gave to the touch but one rich swell,
And his hand, o'erwearied, backward fell ;
But still, though the master touch was gone,
With a deep rich strain that lute played on ;

Till the footstep of many a passer by,
 Was stayed by its notes of triumph high,
 As they rose and fell; and the gondolier,
 Far out on the waters, paused to hear:
 And never, from those who heard, shall flee
 The thought of that strange, sweet melody,
 And the lute played on, till with the swell
 Of its own rich strains it burst, and fell:
 And the silvery chords dissevered lay.
 The broken lute, and the lifeless clay.

THE TANGLED WEB.

O, MOTHER once more on thy breast let me
 grieve,—
 The way looketh dark, and my heart is not
 strong,
 I have tangled the web that thou gav'st me to
 weave,—
 The fair web of life,—I have woven it wrong.

My vision was dim, and with no eye to guide,
 I saw not the threads where the shuttle was
 thrown;
 The warp was filled well whilst thou watched at
 my side,
 But my frail erring hand could not trace it alone.

•

O take back thy gift, mother,—weary and worn,
 I find in its bright threads but sorrow and strife :
 The maidens are pointing, with fingers of scorn,
 On her who has erred in this strange web of life.

The bird, and the moth, and the strong of our race,
 At fault in their toil, may their labor renew,
 But *we* must hold firmly the woof that we trace,
 And she that once falters hath no more to do.

Then take back the vain task, and leave me to rest,
 Away from the scoffs of the proud and the strong ;
 My hand was unskilled, and my toil was unblest,
 On this strange web of life ; and I've woven it
 wrong.

Ay, sever the threads thou hast stretched to the
 loom,
 And low let me sleep where yon gentle wave
 flows ;
 The flowers of the valley will gladly make room,
 For the care-laden bosom that longs to repose.

I PLUCKED THAT ROSE-BUD FROM A GRAVE.

“I PLUCKED that rose-bud from a grave,
Amid the dew at matin hour;
Where willows to the night breeze wave,
And sorrow gems each opening flower.

“I plucked, and bound it in my hair,
And, from the green homes of the dead,
Forgetful of the stillness there,
I wandered forth with careless tread.

“’Mid groves by early breezes fanned,
And flower-cups bursting with perfume;
And still, with light and girlish hand,
I gathered of the ceaseless bloom.

“From flower to flower, its sweets to sip,
I wandered like the honey-bee,—
A song was melting on my lip,
As melts the snow-flake on the sea.

“The waves were with the light at play,—
The heavens were arched in blue above;
And nestling at my heart there lay
A dream of yet unclouded love.

“The holy thoughts my soul had shrined,
 Like gems were glancing to the light,
 As, with that grave-nurst bud, entwined,
 I gaily wove a garland bright.

“Thus swelled my heart at matin-tide,
 But ere had waned the summer’s day,
 With sorrowing steps he sought my side,
 The heart’s dread word—‘Farewell’—to say.

“And he hath gone,—perhaps for years,—
 To that far land across the sea,
 While harrowing doubt, and gathering tears,
 Must still my lonely portion be.

“And, oh! he bears, with fondness prest,
 Across the wild and widening wave,
 As love’s best token, on his breast,
 The rose I gathered from a grave.

“Mid flowers by life and gladness nurst,
 In rich parterres, and gardens gay,
 I know not why that bud should burst,
 The fairest of the bright bouquet.

“Or, from the wealth of Flora’s land,
 Amid the glittering wreath I wove,
 I know not why my careless hand
 Should chose it for the gift of love.

“ But, oh ! as seeks my tear-dimmed gaze,
 The shadow of that distant bark,
 Upon my bursting heart there lays
 The burden of an omen dark.”

And thus, upon that shore, while round
 Her form there fell the shades of even ;
 And the dim bark, her gaze that bound,
 Seemed gliding to the heart of heaven.

Slow moved her silent steps along,
 While mingled with the deep-toned wave
 The murmur of her mournful song,—
 “ I plucked that rose-bud from a grave.”

Though day by day the maiden strove
 To chase the gathering clouds away,
 A phantom dark her spirit wove,
 And still she breathed her sorrowing lay.

Above her fell the summer's gleam,
 Around her sprung the fresh-lipped flowers—
 The brightness of her girlhood's dream
 Was saddened in its early hours.

And gushing from her heart oppressed,
 Her trembling lips the murmur gave—
 “ He bears in fondness on his breast
 The rose I gathered from a grave.”

On paced the year ; and when again,
 With bursting song, and glancing wing,
 And blushing flowers,—a joyous train,—
 Came dancing forth the Queen of Spring,

Where flashed the early light along
 The gardens of that blooming shore,
 The gentle maiden's mournful song
 Was melting from her lips no more.

There came a youth from o'er the wave,
 A rose's withered leaves to strew,
 In grief, upon an early grave,
 Fast by the sod where first they grew.

WHAT DO I HERE ?

STILL, with a slow and heavy footstep treading,
 Along life's path I wend my weary way,
 And the fair things of earth, around me spreading,
 Shed but a feebler glimmer day by day.

It may be that no brightness hath departed
 From off earth's valleys, since the early hours,
 When, in my childhood's visions, joyous-hearted,
 With eager hand I culled the bursting flowers,

Exultingly in mystic garlands braiding
 Their mingled hues, with sweetest odors rife,
 And knew not that I e'er should find them fading,
 Or that the soul demanded more of life.

Bright are they, but they calm no restless spirit,
 And as I rove 'mid scenes however dear,
 Tasting the gifts that freely I inherit,
 My lip will question still—"What do I here?"

Like the frail autumn leaf on yonder river,
 That doth, in weakness, with the current glide,
 Full soon to sink beneath the wave forever,
 So Time hath borne me on his hurrying tide.

As the faint traveler o'er some desert dreary,
 That sees with joy his day of travel close,
 Turns back no thought upon his pathway weary,
 But yields him quickly to a deep repose;

So, when from out the West the light hath faded,
 Freed from the tumult of the busy throng,
 I turn to rest perchance, with care o'erladed,
 But cast no glance the vanished hours along.

And when athwart the night Aurora flingeth
 The first gray beams that tell the day-god near,
 Back on my soul life's mystic vision springeth;—
 I wake to ask again—"What do I here?"

With listless hand the Autumn fruits I gather,
 And from their taste my lip turns cloyed away ;
 Beneath my touch the spring-tide garlands wither,
 And my ear shuns the jar of pleasure's lay.

The shower of blessings falls from morn till even,—
 I grasp the cup of joy that thousands sip,
 But bear beneath the encircling arch of heaven,
 Clouds on my brow and ashes on my lip.

From all these countless gifts I claim no token—
 I seek no voice amid earth's ceaseless strife,
 Save the one answer, wherefore there hath broken
 Upon my soul this wondrous dream of life.

Whene'er the thoughts with which my mind hath
 striven,
 Were on the circling air in eddies thrown,
 'Twas not that ear might to the sound be given,
 Or kindred hearts breathed back an answering
 tone.

And if at times my skillless hand, unbidden,
 Hath swept the chords of nature's thrilling lyre,
 It was that in my soul some strain lay hidden,
 That strove for utterance with a vain desire.

The sun of joy may gild our path forever,
 Or pleasure bind us with its sweet control ;
 But the best of gifts of earth can satiate never,
 The quenchless thirst of an immortal soul.

The voice of praise, the gleam of wealth, the
gaining,

Amid earth's throngs, of an immortal name ;—
Vile baubles these, and poor, not worth obtaining ;
Away with life if such be being's aim !—

And a voice whispered, “ if a cup o'erflowing
With blessings rare, be nothing worth to thee,
Go forth, amid the poor and needy, strewing
Those gifts unprized, with liberal hand and free :

If to thine eye earth's brightness hath departed,
And light and joy around thee vainly shine ;
Go, soothe another's care, thou weary-hearted,
And strive no more to find a balm for thine.”

And I was answered :—from each simple blossom,
For others culled, a sacred fragrance rose,
And with a healing power in my own bosom,
Was felt the balm I poured for others' woes.

And ever to the grateful task returning,
The gifts of life to scatter far and near,
A fount of joy hath quenched my spirit's yearning,
And my lip asks no more “ What do I here ? ”

THE ROVING MINSTREL.

SHE is singing, gaily singing, in the city's crowded
 mart,
 With the sunshine on her features, and the canker
 at her heart ;
 And the hurrying passer pauses, while his way-
 ward foot would fain,
 Seek from whence, amid the tumult, comes that
 soft and gentle strain.

She is singing, sweetly singing, for the rabble's
 wanton ears,
 And her tones are free, and joyous ; and she
 stifles back the tears ;—
 For her spirit lies in ashes, with the ashes of the
 dead ;—
 For her smiles must veil her sadness, while she
 wins her daily bread.

She is singing, softly singing, with the voice that
 rose of yore,
 In its gushes of affection, round her father's cottage
 door ;
 And the strains that once were cherished as a
 sacred treasure there,
 From a broken heart are swelling, wasted on the
 wanton air.

She is singing, lightly singing, but the listener
 may not know
 How those heartless tones are ringing forth in
 mockery of her woe ;
 As she woos the jeering rabble for the meed her
 wants must crave,
 With no kindly heart to cheer her, and no hope
 but in the grave.

THE SPRING'S RETURN.

BEHOLD the flashing light is out o'er forest, glade
 and sea,
 To woo to life the voiceless woods, and bid the
 streams be free ;
 And from my lonely hearth I turn, and wide the
 casement fling,
 To drink with flushing lips once more the balmy
 breath of Spring.

The birds are from the Southland come with wild
 rejoicing lays,
 To rouse to bliss the human heart, and rend the
 heavens with praise :

And up amid the withered leaves the early flowers
 have crept,
 As bright as if an angel's hand had tinged them
 while they slept.

Far northward bears the gentle breeze her tide of
 life and song,
 To pour its world of blessings out our native hills
 along;
 And many a fount that once we loved is clear and
 chainless now,
 And many a swollen torrent leaps adown the
 mountain's brow.

The moss is fresh upon the glen where first our
 footsteps trod,
 And violet eyes are peering up from every moist-
 ened sod;
 The willow, with her silky fringe, adorns the
 brooklet's side,
 And forms of every rainbow tint are darting down
 the tide.

The pine tree doffs for lighter hues her robes of
 winter wear,
 And apple boughs are whispering of the wreaths
 they soon shall bear;

And children, too, with steps as light and free as
 once were ours,
 Are wandering through the woodland haunts, and
 searching out the flowers.

The Star Eye and the Liverwort we culled in days
 of yore,
 Are blooming on the hill-side, but they bloom for
 us no more;
 The hill-side dear where oft we drest the hemlock's
 sombre shade,
 And called our mother forth to see the bower our
 hands had made,

And watched the flush of pleasure light her pallid
 brow of care;
 For she could smile because she knew our paradise
 was there: .
 Those self-same flowers are bursting now above
 her dreamless sleep,
 I would, alas! that o'er them fell the tears I can
 but weep.

The chain—the golden chain is broke that bound
 us all in one,
 And like the scattered mountain mist our little
 band are gone:

The fire upon our household hearth was faded long
 ago,
 And frowning hills between us rise, and torrents
 coldly flow.

The Spring is here, my brother, with its sunshine
 and its showers,
 My heart leaps forth to meet it as it did in child-
 hood's hours,
 And I could with yon merry group my voice and
 step unite,
 To welcome back the bursting buds, and dally
 with the light.

O, I could turn life's current back upon its spark-
 ling source,
 And bid the dancing stream renew its strange and
 wayward course ;
 For though the mantling waves of bliss so oft
 were drugged with pain,
 I would not shrink to fill the cup, and drink the
 draught again.

Those childish visions were to me a holy dream of
 heaven,
 Whose parting price, in life drops wrung, were
 not too dearly given ;

And I could bind my soul again beneath its magic
 spell,
 Unheeding that it soon must break before some
 wild Farewell.

There is a Spring of fadeless flowers in fairer lands
 than this,
 That doth not of the heart-strings coin the pur-
 chase-fee of bliss ;
 Then onward let the tide of time with swifter
 motion roll,
 Till Heaven's own balmy airs shall wake the
 spring tide of the soul.

THANKSGIVING.

Come forth, come forth, to the festal board,
 As our sires were wont in the days of old ;
 The reapers are home with their harvest hoard,
 The herds have hied to their wintry fold,
 And the cullers of fruit our vaults have stored
 With the wealth of the orchard's freight of gold.

Come forth, come forth, with your heartfelt praise,
 To swell the songs at the altar's side ;

For a lofty pæan to God we raise,
 Who hath scattered His love gifts free and wide,
 And still, from the wan earth's earliest days,
 His seed-time and harvest hath not denied.

Come forth—to the haunts of your childhood, come;
 To the roof in whose shadow your life was nurst;
 By the hearth of the household there yet is room,
 Where your breath of thanksgiving was faltered
 first,
 The faggot is blazing your welcome home,
 And from joyful lips shall your greeting burst.

There's a ruddy tinge on the wrinkled cheek,
 For the pulse of age hath a quicker flow;
 And a gleam, like the light of youth doth break
 'Mid the care worn shades on the old man's brow,
 For the visions of eld in his soul awake:
 The scenes of his childhood are round him now.

Oh, this is a day when the thought goes back
 O'er the flowery paths of our early years;
 Where the garlands of joy have strewn the track
 And hidden the graves of our hopes and fears,
 And the names of the friends whose tones we lack,
 Steal over the heart like a gush of tears.

'Tis the hour when kindred circles meet,—
 That still must the wanderer homeward bring,—

When the echo of childhood's tireless feet,
 Through the halls of their father's homestead
 ring,—

When gladness breathes in the tones we greet,
 And a murmur of love to the lips doth spring.

Come forth, come forth, to the humble cot,
 Where the children of want and sorrow rove,—
 Where the hand of the reaper garners not
 The stores that a Father's goodness prove;
 And the poor man weeps for the toilsome lot,
 Entailed on the heirs of his earnest love.

Come forth to the fields, with the heart which
 leaves
 A blessing, wherever its trace appears;
 To lighten the song which sorrow weaves,
 Where poverty's portion is steeped in tears;
 And freely fling, from your bursting sheaves,
 Like the reapers of Boaz, the gleaning ears.

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
 With a mingling of gladness, and praise, and
 prayer,
 With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,
 That the hungry and poor in our thanks may
 share,
 That the scantiest table be freely spread,
 And the lip of the mourner a blessing bear,

For the sons of the feeble pilgrim band,
 Who first on a distant rock-bound bay,
 Gave thanks for the gifts of the teeming land,
 Have spread over mountain and stream away ;
 And a song of praise shall to God ascend
 From a myriad of burning lips to-day.

Come forth, come forth, with the chiming bell,
 A joyous throng to the altar's side ;
 Come mingle your tones with the organ's swell ;
 And, where the door of the feast stands wide,
 Let the grey-haired sire to his grandchild tell
 A tale of our Nation's grateful pride.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER DEAD CHILD.

In the garden by the brook-side,
 There's a little grassy spot,
 Where the marble casts no shadows,
 And the willow droopeth not ;
 But the rose-tree, and the locust,
 Of no gloomy sadness tell,
 As they scatter softly o'er thee,
 Pure white leaves thou lovest so well.

There the grass grows fresh above thee ;
 And the streamlet singing by,
 Whispers there is one that loves thee,
 Guards thee still with watchful eye :
 Still I catch the sun's first gleaming
 Where thy tiny limbs repose ;
 And the stars above thee beaming,
 Watch at night mine eyelids close.

Where thy gentle steps were falling,
 As the spring days hastened by,—
 Where thy lovely voice was calling
 Each sweet thing that chained thine eye,—
 They have laid thee ;—that no shadow
 'Twixt thy couch and mine may come,
 To disturb my wonted watching,
 Ere I join thy journey home.

And though oft the tears may blind me,
 'Tis not grief that bids them start ;
 For I know that God hath kindly
 Loosed earth's fetters from my heart ;—
 Gently loosed them ere He called me,
 That no yearning thought might cling
 To these haunts, when I must shortly,
 Plume for heaven mine upward wing.

Ere the summer flowers are faded,
 They shall bear thee thence, to rest,

'Neath the church-yard willows shaded,
 Gently on thy mother's breast.
 When the heart that fondly bore thee,
 Sinks to slumber peacefully,
 Shall their careful hands restore thee,
 Still in death to sleep with me.

Nought in life our hearts could sever;
 And beneath the turf mould lone,
 They shall lay us down forever,
 With thy coffin on mine own;
 Thus to rest in Death's dark mansion,
 With the marble o'er us piled;
 While my soul, through heaven's expansion,
 Soars to meet thee, angel-child.

L I S E T T E .

THERE's a voice of sweet-toned waters
 Forever on her ear,
 And the South-land's fairy daughters
 Awake their notes of cheer;
 But she sits in pining sadness,
 Regardless of their call,
 And their ringing notes of gladness
 But bid the tear-drops fall.

There are birds unrivaled winging
 Thro' the perfumed orange bowers,
 With a gush of music, singing
 Their love-songs to the flowers ;
 And the harp and lute are blending—
 But she heedeth not their tone,
 For her charmed ear is bending
 To the sea-shell's plaintive moan.

“ Sweet, sorrowing lute of Ocean,
 O tell me of the wave
 That rolls with gentle motion
 Above my William's grave !
 Have the wond'ring mermaids borne him
 To some bright coral grove ?
 Do they sit in groups and mourn him
 With their looks of earnest love ?

“ Away, where the pearl-shells glisten
 In thy native ocean cave,
 I know 'twas thine to listen
 To the last dear thought he gave ;
 And they who his couch are wreathing
 Have sent thee from the sea,
 That thou mightest be ever breathing
 His parting words to me.

“ I must seek his cold, damp pillow,
 And thou shalt be my guide,

Afar through the foaming billow—
 For I am his chosen bride.
 I have heard the sea-maids' weeping
 In their bowers beneath the wave,
 And I'll join the watch they're keeping
 Above my blest and brave."

There's a voice of sweet-toned waters
 Forever on her ear,
 And the South-land's fairy daughters
 Awake their notes of cheer;
 But she sits in sadness pining,
 Where the Lime its shadow flings,
 And an orange wreath she's twining
 For the sea-shell as she sings.

THE FIREMAN.

Amid the flames he stood,
 And the white smoke formed his wreath—
 And the swelling waves, of the fiery flood,
 Came surging from beneath.

The crackling timbers reeled—
 And the brands came gleaming down,
 Like the scattered wealth that the forests yield,
 When their autumn leaves are brown.

The tempest howled in wrath,
And the fire wheeled madly on,
And the embers, far, on the wind's wild path,
Through the murky night, had gone.

Yet there, in his pride, he stood,
With a steady hand, and strong;
And his axe came down on the burning wood,
Till the heart of the old oak rung.

There was many an earnest eye,
Through the rolling smoke, that gazed,
While he stood, with his dauntless soul, and high,
Where the hottest fire-brands blazed.

And prayers were faltered forth,
From the aged, and the young;
For the safety of many a household hearth,
On the strokes of his strong arm hung.

There was many a proud knight there,
With his mantle round him rolled,
That aloof, in the light of that sweeping fire,
Stood shivering in the cold.

And oft from the firemen's bands,
A summons for aid was heard;
But never the tips of their well-gloved hands,
From their crumpled cloaks were stirred.

And no white, and fervent lip,
 For their welfare, or safety prayed;
 For no children's weal and no mother's hope,
 In the strength of their arms was stayed.

Were I searching earth's mingled throng,
 For shelter; my claim would be
 A hand, like that FIREMAN'S, nerved and strong,
 And a fearless heart for me.

THE EXILE'S REQUEST.

GIVE me the green fields, and the gleaming foun-
 tains,
 And the pale wild flowers of my native clime;—
 The breeze is sweeter from the pine-clad moun-
 tains,
 Than airs that kiss the orange, and the lime.

More holy is the day-beam when it glances,
 Through the fresh air, from off some summit
 gray;
 And, down upon the rock-born river, dances,
 Kissing its waves, like love, with joy at play.

What though thro' sunny skies bright birds are
winging,

Or pouring on soft airs a heaven-taught lay?—

What though the flowers, from the green turf up-
springing,

Catch their rich tints from summer's fondest ray?

My heart re-echoes not those strains enchanting;—

A sickly fragrance hath this ceaseless bloom—

It brings no gladness to a spirit fainting,

With a long exile from its early home.

When my cheek faded, and my foot fell slowly,

Crushing the violets by the river's side,

Ye wooed me from my father's cottage lowly,

To gentler climes across the summer tide.

I came—no loved one's wish might then be slight-
ed,—

But wept in secret o'er the mission vain :—

The plant that 'neath its native skies is blighted,

No stranger airs can woo to life again.

And ye have seen my eye still fading, fading;—

While the soft breezes of these southern plains,

Lifted the locks my pallid brow o'ershading,

But quickened not the life-tide in my veins.

O bear me back,—on Ammonoosuck's river,
 Ne'er swept the foam-sprays swifter to the sea,
 Than rolls the tide that bears me hence forever,
 To launch upon thy waves eternity.

To quaff my native airs,—to watch the waning,
 On those loved mountains in the sunset glow,
 While yet there's life-light in my eyes remaining,—
 I ask but this one boon before I go.

Soft dewes are softer from such flower cups shaken,
 As started first our infant footsteps round,—
 Kind tones seem kinder when old echoes waken,
 With their accustomed answer, to the sound.

With all I loved in childhood clustering round
 me,—
 The rocks, the flowers, the water, and the sky,
 Deep in the quiet glen where first life found me
 With its gay dreams of hope—there let me die.

Smooth my low couch where early birds are calling
 From branch to branch, beside the willowy
 wave;
 And let me slumber, with the shadows falling
 From Washington's hoar mount, about my grave.

Linger not here,—my weary spirit yearneth
 To greet once more New England's distant
 strand,
 That I may rest, when dust to dust returneth,
 Within thy soil, my own loved pilgrim land.

THE FAMINE STRICKEN.

I saw the white-sailed ship careen
 Across the foaming sea ;
 But the freight of corn she bears, Cathleen,
 Will come too late for me :
 The beach is pressed with tottering feet,
 That, from their naked homes,
 Have crept, with straining eye, to greet
 That vessel as she comes.

They say the food that crowds her hold
 In rich, and gleaming stores,
 Is brighter, far, than India's gold ;
 And freighted for our shores,
 By those that weep for Erin's woe,
 Away across the wave ;
 But, O Cathleen, she comes too slow,
 Our fainting hearts to save.

I saw one stretched upon the sand,
 Of thin, and wasted frame,
 Who, from the throng that pressed the strand,
 Heard whence that vessel came ;
 And, but one feeble glimpse to catch,
 He turned his head aside ;
 The effort tasked his strength too much—
 He fell, and gasped, and died.

And, trembling lest the same sad lot
 Might fall the next on me,
 I staggered back to seek our cot,
 That I might die with thee.
 When throbs my heart no more, Cathleen,
 Lay me from off thy breast,
 And go down on the shore, to win,
 A portion with the rest.

'Twill bring the rose back to thy cheek,
 And, in thy haggard eye,
 The life-light once again shall speak ;
 But mine shall ne'er reply :
 Yet, when the strength comes back to thee,
 See that my grave is made
 Beneath the leafless, beechen tree,
 Where our dear babes were laid.

O, never let me lie, Cathleen,
 Unmarked, as many do,

Without a clod, or turf to screen
 Their mouldering dust from view:
 The tomb is surfeit with the dead,—
 The noble, and the brave;
 The land that could not yield them bread,
 Can scarcely grant a grave.

But there's a brighter day, Cathleen,
 For Erin yet to be:
 For I the coming aid have seen,
 That comes too late for me:
 Methinks there's hope for many a home
 Across the waters borne,
 By many a vessel freighted from
 Columbia's land of corn.

A LEAF OF MEMORY.

'Tis but a simple token, from
 A casket old and worn,
 That, voiceful of my early home,
 Upon life's path I've borne.

It hath a tale of love to tell,
 Though light its links are twined;
 And many a draught from sorrow's well,
 It brings me back to mind.

I see the giver still, the time
 He gave it me, and smiled ;
 When he was in his manhood's prime,
 And I was but a child.

A tear on his thin eyelids shone
 As from my side he turned,
 Nor cared to whom he gave the boon,
 The hand he loved had spurned.

There was a music in his tone,
 Of feelings, depths that told ;—
 'Twas sad to waste such wealth on one
 So lovely and so cold.

They laid him 'mid the graves apart
 Even in his early hours ;
 A kinder and a sadder heart
 Ne'er slept beneath the flowers.

And long the gift he gave hath lain
 Amid that casket's store ;
 I prized it for its beauty then,
 I prize it now for more.

But once, ere many a summer's joys
 Across his grave had swept,
She saw it 'mid my childish toys,
 And grasped it thence, and wept.

Ah, I had watched the dark'ning shade
 On that proud brow for years,
 But knew not then how deep was laid
 The fountain of her tears :

For she a stormy tide must stem ;
 And in her heart will stay
 The memory of that trampled gem,
 Through all life's darkened way.

Oh, there are hearts where none can guess
 How oft, with force untold,
 Above the flowers of happiness
 The waves of pride have rolled.

NATHAN HALE.

'Mid the flash of spear and shield,
 And the banners streaming high,
 From the white tents spread on the battle field,
 A youth went forth to die.

With the firm unshrinking tread
 Of a warrior, tried and proved—
 With a fearless glance from his clear eye shed,
 'Mid the serried ranks he moved.

He had fought where the boldest stood,
 In the face of the fiery foe;
 When each lifted lance grew dark with blood,
 And the dead lay thick below.

And his bosom knew no fear,
 As his foot led on the brave;
 He had donned the casque and borne the spear
 For freedom—or the grave.

But his blade was wanting now,
 And no mail enclosed his breast,
 Yet the youthful light on his heavenly brow,
 Shone proud as a chieftain's crest.

He heard no deep drum's beat,
 Nor the swelling clarion high,
 No war-cloak spread for his winding sheet
 As they called him forth to die.

No lov'd ones sought his side,
 To whisper a parting tone;
 He stood 'mid the taunts of scorn and pride,
 A captive and alone.

He had asked for an hour of prayer
 In vain—and his firm reply
 Came thrilling along his native air,
 In a tone that ne'er shall die.

“ Unshriven, ye bid me soar,
 To my Maker's presence high,
 But I've stood in the face of death before,
 And I shrink not now to die.

“ For freedom I grasped the brand,
 With no craven's wish to live,
 And I do but mourn that, for this lov'd land,
 I have but one *life* to give.”

There hath noble blood been spilt,
 In our soil by the foeman's blade ;
 But ne'er on a shrine to Freedom built,
 Was a richer offering laid

Than was his who yielded then,
 For his country, a heart of steel,
 And mourned that he could not pour again
 His life-blood for her weal.

THE HEART'S LAST HYMN.

My star of life is pale, and dim,
 And flickering on the western sky,
 But waits to hear the vesper hymn
 My heart is breathing, ere it die ;
 As meteor lights in air expire,
 Consumed by some o'erhasty fire.

'Tis soon, full soon, ere yet the spring,—
 The blossoming time of Hope is flown,
 To fold the spirit's half-plumed wing,
 And tread the darkened vale alone;
 And yet 'tis better soon to go,
 Than linger withering here below.

The eagle pierced in middle flight,
 That watches yet, with mournful thrill,
 His kindred soaring far from sight,
 Cares not how soon his heart is still,
 And, once bereft of air and song,
 The pinioned dove has lived too long.

Yet I had hoped to win from fame,
 Ere Death's cold shadows round me crept,
 The echo of a stainless name,
 To linger softly where I slept,
 And call from those that thither rove,
 The tear I might not claim from love.

And I had wished to leave below,
 The songs that at my bosom's shrine,
 Were ever murmuring soft, and low,
 Unheard by other ears than mine—
 That roused each thrilling pulse to fire,
 But would not tremble from my lyre.

Vain thought, vain wish, the first green slope,
 That led me up the rugged height,
 To where the morning star of Hope
 Is quenched in glory's solar light;
 My feeble foot hath scarcely prest,
 Before my fainting heart must rest.

And they that sought with me the strife,
 With dreams perhaps less bright than mine,
 Have passed me on the march of life,
 While o'er me far their garlands shine;
 Of deathless flowers, and laurel wreathed;
 By gentle hands, and hearts bequeathed.

The paths they trod are bright with gems,
 From out their spirit's treasures flung,
 And even the wild-wood's frailest stems
 Are thrilling with the songs they sung,
 As firm of step, and strong of soul,
 They wrought their hour, and won the goal.

Yet I had visions bright as heaven,
 And gems as pure as those they wear;
 That to my heart in store were given,
 Have smouldered with the ashes there;
 While lacked my wasting hand the power,
 To yield to earth the priceless dower.

But still 'tis well, the parting strain,
 That, like the dying swan, I weave,
 Mourns not the aspirations vain
 My hand was powerless to achieve;
 For, from earth's hopes, my wearied breast,
 Can turn without a sigh, to rest.

And there will crumble, where I lie,
 One heart that ne'er its burden spoke;
 But struggled with its mission high,
 And in the strife for utterance broke,
 As music chords, too fragile found,
 Have sundered at the tide of sound.

My star of life, that pale and dim,
 Is fading from the western sky,
 Will perish with the closing hymn—
 My heart is breathing ere it die;
 As dies the meteor's sudden flame,
 And leaves behind nor trace nor name.

LINES TO A HARE.

THO' deep thy woodland pathways wind,
 In sabbath solitude enshrined,
 The wild-wood's loneliest haunts can find
 No peace for thee.

The softest zephyr that can stir
 To life the trembling gossamer,
 Thy bane may be.

The quivering of the gentlest spray
 That sheds, amid the glare of day,
 Its cooling shadows on thy way,
 Awakes thy care.—

THO' countless blessings round thee fall,
 Thou glean'st but terror from them all—
 Poor hunted hare!

How like the tumult in thy breast,
 Is many a human heart's unrest,
 That, bowed with blessings, ne'er is blest;—
 Tho' gems and gold
 Are round him like the leaves of June,
 He gleans but terror from the boon
 He strives to hold;

And, tho' his fear is not for life—
 Tho' gleams his path with beauty rife;
 Still haunts it with relentless knife—
 The demon Care:
 And tho' so racked thy bosom is,
 Thy doom were better sought than his—
 Poor hunted hare!

SONG OF THE STRONG-MINDED.

WE'LL show the world where wisdom shines,
 And rear her light on high;
 Or forty thousand feminines,
 Will know the reason why. * * *

We are coming to the rescue
 Of the champions of our rights:
 To the rescue—to the rescue,
 Like a host of mailéd knights;
 We are coming from the cradle,
 And the bread-pan and the broom,
 Just to show that stove and ladle
 Cannot all our powers consume.

If you think the homes will suffer,
 Where in silence woman delves,
 You your boasted strength can proffer,
 Go and mind the cakes yourselves.
 Do not call us "duck," and "dearie;"
 Honeyed pills henceforth we spurn:
 We of cradle sides are weary;
 Time the men should take their turn.

'Tis for *equal* rights we're reaching,
 Yield you but the service due:
 If you do not like the screeching,
 We have nerves as well as you.
 When the clamor rages loudly,
 You with patient smiles must wait,
 While you see how well, and proudly,
We can guide "the Ship of State!"

We the strong, the lofty-minded,
 Towards that ship are hastening, some,
 Though our eyes with fears are blinded,
 Lest you wreck her ere we come.
 Politics we've made our study,
 And we'll light the waters dim,
 Where the fish that call them muddy
 Do so much delight to swim.

Through their vapors dim and misty,
 We can see the why they scream—
 Just to scare the unsophisti-
 Cated from the golden stream.
 In your fight for rank and station,
 You've forgot "the people" quite,
 And you've almost wrecked the nation,
 In your recklessness of right.

Hear, ye suffering,—hear, ye people,
 We will right you every wrong,
 You the golden fields shall reap all,
 You the halls of power shall throng.
 When we come to rule the realm—it
 Will be nobly done, I trow,
 Yield the helm, or don the helmet,
 Here's the gauntlet—choose you now.

AHOY! PROUD SHIP.

AHOY! proud ship, not there—not there—
 With white sails floating free,
 Thou seekest the realms of upper air—
 Come back across the sea.

We watched your sails the breezes court
 This morn, with cheerful heart;
 But destined for an earthly port,
 We bade your freight depart.

Come back, our parting words were said,
 But for a summer's day;
 Yet onward have your bearings sped,
 Away—from earth away:

And we have climbed the mountain's side,
 And strained an anxious eye,
 To trace what boundary lines divide,
 The water and the sky.

In vain—we catch the distant shroud,
 But cannot answer now
 If silvery wave, or gilded cloud,
 Are parted by your prow.

Have ye, within our ports to-day,
 Your final parting given,
 And bear ye to the skies away,
 To beach your prow in heaven?

Come back, if once your anchor falls
 Beside that blissful shore,
 Unmarked ye'll pass our anxious calls
 And seek our homes no more.

For ah! what wondrous tales are told,
 Of joy and beauty there ;
 Of gilded streets, and walls of gold,
 And gates of diamonds fair.

They say its anthems ceaseless swell—
 Its bowers are ever green;
 But how can we its glories tell,
 Whose shores we have not seen?

We only deem that land must be
 Unmarked by sorrow's stain,
 For those that seek it o'er the sea,
 Return not thence again.

A speck, a flitting shadow, now
 Your white sails catch the eye;
 They're fading, with the sunset's glow,
 Far in the deep, deep sky.

Return, restore those hearts to earth,
 That o'er the main ye bore;
 Proud ships too oft have thus gone forth,
 And sought our ports no more.

Or if, indeed, those friends ye bear
 Far from this world of sin,
 Turn backward from that sea of air
 And take us also in.

THE UNSEEN.

WHEN the shadows lay deep, ere the summer time
fled,

And the willows hung low at the still river's side,
When the beaded grass wept at my wandering
tread,

And the moon and the stars sparkled up from the
tide,

A voice like the music of seraphs, I heard,

Where yon eyrie lay hidden by blossom and vine,
And the depths of my spirit, unseen one, were
stirred

By the soul-thrilling notes that were bursting
from thine.

I saw not the lip whence was wafted the strain,
Through the envious shade that the elm branches
fling,

'Mid the rose, and the woodbine no glimpse could I
gain,

Save the flash of the fingers that swept o'er the
string.

And one stray lock of gold, that, in transports of
 bliss,
 Called back from their wand'rings in garden and
 bower,
 The vain, toying breezes were lifting to kiss,
 As idly as if 'twere a wave or a flower.

But Fancy, more skilled than the pencils of art,
 Hath filled out the picture, and long shall it bide,
 Like a pearl on life's sands, with each thought in
 my heart,
 Of the eyrie that's hid by the still river's side.

But oh, on that slope o'er the blue water's breast,
 What hand weaves its garlands, and hideth its
 prize;
 As the ocean-born eagle concealeth his nest
 On some high beetling cliff, from the wanderer's
 eyes.

Is there one who hath planted that beautiful screen,
 That hath claims on thy heart, and is watchful
 of thee?
 Then away with thy harp, for, beloved though un-
 seen,
 I know thou art fair, and I *trust* thou art free.

And he who would guard thee from worship or love,
 Might soar to the clouds with his close-woven
 bower,
 Our hearts to thy home and its inmate must rove,
 While wide o'er the valley that harp hath its
 power.

The voice of thy songs in my bosom I bear
 Though afar from thy dwelling my footsteps have
 hied,
 And my thoughts are still chasing a phantom most
 fair,
 In the eyrie that's hid by the still river's side.

FRAGMENT.

As THE frost falleth in the silent night,
 When the stars dazzle, or the moon looks down
 On the fresh buds of summer; and the shade
 Of the young leaves, in light and waveless groups,
 Is clustered round the walks; when the hushed
 voice
 Of the fair waters, through the azure vault,
 Breathe but of peace; as thus the frost comes down,
 Without a harbinger, and, at the heart
 Of the half-opened rose, lays its bright blade,

And leaves it there to wither ; so the blight
 Upon this heart hath fallen when all was calm ;
 And, for the flushing of the flowers of hope,
 Left blackness.

And, as these frail leaves shall fall,
 Scattering the ground,—the while the wanton
 breeze
 Wasteth their dying fragrance, and sings on,
 In the bright sunlight, gaily as if nought
 It loved and dallied with had passed away ;—
 So shall my memory vanish from the earth.

THE BATTLE OF DRESDEN. *

Back to your posts! Again, again,
 Yon falt'ring flag let victory fill ;
 Pour from your ranks the fiery rain,
 And bid th' exulting foe be still.

* Napoleon hearing, while in Silesia, of an expected attack of the Allied Armies upon Dresden, which he had left but slightly garrisoned, turned back with forced marches and retraced his steps with almost unexampled rapidity. He appeared in sight just as the routed garrison were flying from the city, and coming with his legions thundering down the sides of the mountains and over the bridges of the Elbe, he called the soldiers back to their duty, and turning suddenly the tide of battle, never rested from his march until the scattered forces of the Allied Armies were driven far over the hills of Erzgebirge.

Back to your posts ! We come—we come,
 A thousand legions, fresh for war,
 Are rushing through the forest's gloom,—
 Are pouring from the mountains far,

Go, bid th' "astonished eagles" stand,
 And on yon bristling hosts advance ;
 Up coward heart and fainting hand !
 Who yields where rides the "Heir of France ?"

Far where Silesia's waters sweep,
 Beneath us quaked the confined dead ;
 The Saxon, from his slumbers deep,
 Woke, startled at our midnight tread.

And, thundering through each lofty arch,
 Thy bridges, Elbe, our strength have known ;
 We pause not from our rushing march,—
 On to the breathless conflict—on !

The arms of France are burnished still ;
 Yon countless hosts before us met
 May league their legions as they will ;
 Their shouts shall change to wailings yet.

Forth on their track ! Those hosts in flight
 Shall seek the heather's dreamless bed ;
 And far o'er Erzgebirge's hills, to-night
 The wolves shall watch their gory dead.

Hail! glorious field! Not yet, not yet
 Hath sunk Napoleon's peerless star;
 And, where his glittering lance is set,
 Far backward streams the tide of war.

SLEIGH RIDING.

MERRILY ho! our light sleighs go,
 Gliding like spirits along the snow;
 Bracing and pure is the clear, cold air—
 Cozy and warm are the robes we wear;
 Merrily out the sleigh bells chime;
 Our pulses bound, and our hearts keep time;
 The skies are fair, and the stars are bright,
 Ho! for the joys of the winter's night.

Darkly and grim the forests frown,
 With their snowy boughs, and shadows brown;
 The rabbit steals from his sheltered den,
 But speeds as we come to its haunts again,
 And creeping back, as our sleigh bells trill,
 The sly fox barks in the darkness still:
 The shadows are past, and away we go,
 Over the drifts of the crackling snow.

Lonely the lights shine here, and there,
 From scattered cots on the woodland bare;

A village is here whose windows bright,
 Twinkle like hope, on the dusky night,
 And echoes of gay, young voices sound,
 From groups that gather the hearthstones round :
 A blessing we breathe, and on we speed,
 Far in the track of the tireless steed.

Merrily ho ! our light sleighs go,
 Gliding like spirits along the snow ;
 But yonder the moon's broad disc has come,
 Over the forests to warn us home ;
 For cheerily still as our bells may ring,
 Old Time ne'er stays on his restless wing ;
 And home we haste with our spirits light,
 Though all too short is the winter's night.

TO THE HUTCHINSONS.

YE come, with your songs from my own native
 mountains,
 Their deep dewy dingles, and life giving air—
 The breath of their flowers, and the lull of their
 fountains,
 The voice of their woods in your spirits ye bear.

Ye bring me the strains of the wild birds that hover
 Amid those green hills, in some leaf-hidden nest,

Of the breezes that rove 'neath the pine mountains'
 cover,
 The soft tones that sleep on the blue waters'
 breast.

From moss-tufted rock, and from sun-jeweled river,
 To tawny-browed chieftain, or pilgrim-girl fair,
 They sung them of old, and shall sing them forever ;
 I know that your young hearts first garnered
 them there.

I know, for I hear, in the notes that ye mingle,
 A voice that comes to me at night from the sky ;
 That lip learned its strain in the same leafy dingle,
 That breathed at my cradle love's first lullaby.

Ye come with your songs that, in melody gushing,
 Have thrilled with your names over mountain
 and main,
 And they steal to the ear of the wanderer, hushing
 The soul into silence—O sing them again.

A LADY'S HAT.

O, IT cost a hundred dollars !
And was just the sweetest thing ;
Perched above a queen of collars,
Tied with vast expanse of string.

And the fringe weighed twenty ounces
Round her mantle short, and *cool* ;
And her blue brocade, with flounces,
Filled the pew superbly full.

Dainty gloves, and kerchief broidered,
In her psalm-book kept the stops ;
All the things she wore were ordered
From the first Parisian shops.

But that hundred dollar bonnet—
That's the gem I wished to paint:—
Such a shower of things were on it,
Quite enough to craze a saint.

O, I could not hear a word of
What the pious pastor said,
For the shapes and shines unheard of
That were floating round her head.

Bands, and plumes, and flowers and laces,
 Fancies more than you could name ;
 And they say Miss Dorsey's cases
 Boast a dozen just the same.

How I wonder who will wear them :—
 If the pastor seek to teach
 By his texts, he well may spare them ;—
 'Tis the milliners that preach.

All our eyes such sights are drinking,
 Counting o'er their cost anew ;
 And we break the Sabbath, thinking,
 What if we could wear them too !

SING US THOSE SONGS.

SING us those songs once more, once more,
 Each chord of our hearts to thrill ;
 In the leafy vale—by the sounding shore,
 Where the wild-flowers bloom, or the waters roar,
 Shall their memory haunt us still.
 The sounds that we love in those strains ye weave,
 From the trill of the hunter's horn,
 To the wail that the passing moments leave,—
 To the gentle fall of the summer's eve,—
 Or the gush of the spring-tide morn.

Sing us those songs once more, once more,
 With the tones of the past they thrill,
 The forms of the lost from their graves restore,
 And bear us our native hill-sides o'er,
 With a youthful gladness still.
 To their varying notes our souls ye bind,
 By a sweet, but viewless chain,
 And our thoughts are out with the mountain wind,
 Leaving the realms of the earth behind,
 Oh, sing us those songs again.

HOME OF THE DESOLATE-HEARTED.

I.

THE glory that reigned in those halls is past,
 And the beauty that strangers courted,
 And deep are the shadows that grief has cast,
 On the home of the Desolate-Hearted.

II.

The odor of flowers is on the air,
 But noisome weeds are mingled there :
 The vines untrained on the earth repose ;
 The nettles o'ertop the bridal rose ;

The clematis sinks from its wonted place,
 And the lily is crushed in its long embrace;
 The garlands that hung on those walls of yore
 With their beauty and bloom have departed,
 And the wreathing of blossoms is known no more
 In the Home of the Desolate-Hearted.

III.

The dust is deep on the rich guitar,
 That awakened of old its music there ;
 The bird sits sadly with folded wing ;
 The lute lies by with a broken string,
 And the air-harp that hangs on the old elm bough
 In a requiem wild is breathing now ;
 For the festive throng and the joyous strain,
 Ring not through those halls deserted ;
 And voices of mirth will not wake again,
 In the Home of the Desolate-Hearted.

IV.

The portraits that hang on the gallery's side,
 Of that kindred band long since that died;
 Are inward turned to the oaken wall,
 For the gloomy memories they recall ;
 And many a landscape of a glowing hue,
 By a folded veil is hid from view ;
 For why should the gladness of happier days,
 Whose light has for aye departed,
 Be ever out-spread to the dreary gaze,
 In the Home of the Desolate-Hearted ?

A pallor comes over the maiden's bloom,
As she crosseth the door of that lonely home :
And children move with a softened tread,
And voices hushed to a tone of dread ;
And mirth sinks back to its wonted flow,
When the eye looks up on the brow of wo ;
For the happy band that were gathered there,
At a single stroke were parted ;
And we ask no more for the young and fair,
In the Home of the Desolate-Hearted.

THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE.

THE night dews had shrunk from the sun's ardent
glow ;
But the rich flowering trees with their clusters
of green,
Round Stamboul's proud seraglio bent fondly and
low,
With the waves of the Bosphorus glancing
between.

And listless and sad, on her silken divan,
The Queen of the Harem reclined from the heat,
Where the -spice-laden breezes her temples could
fan,
And a rare fountain sang o'er her silvery feet.

Rich offerings they brought her of fruitage and
wine,

The wealth of an empire was hers to command—
But like the caged song-bird her spirit would pine,
Her dreams stretch away to her own mountain
land.

She starts—from the waters an eye hath glanced up,
As forth fled a bark from the shadowy shore :—
The ripe fruits are scattered, and fallen the cup,
And wasted the wine on the cool marble floor.

And while o'er her pale cheek the blood mounteth
high,

She hides her surprise with a girl's wily art—
Her dark curls must shadow the fire in her eye,
For a wild dream of hope hath been roused in
her heart.

* * * * *

The stars on the Hellespont trembled and shone,
O'er lattice and fount bent the roses to weep ;
One form through the harem was stealing alone,
While near his drugged wine lay the eunuch
asleep.

The guards are unwakened—the strong bolts are
passed,
Those thin, shining feet burst the dew-drops
once more,

And her heart boundeth high in its freedom at last,
 As her fair hands are parting the boughs from
 the shore.

It meets her; the eye that at morning she knew;
 The eye that she loved 'mid the hills of Kishlore;
 No greeting they spoke, but the tiny bark flew,
 Like a bird from the fowler, the dark waters
 o'er.

Bend low; there's a sound of pursuit from the
 shore,
 A hundred caiques are afloat on the sea,
 Bend low, fairy maiden—thy strength to the oar,
 The hordes of the sultan are seeking for thee.

O, white foamed the track in its terror behind,
 And dark loomed the wave as in sorrow before,
 But the barks that pursue them are fleet as the
 wind,
 And their cot waits in vain 'mid the hills of
 Kishlore.

They threw down the oars, they had plied in
 despair,
 And, locked heart to heart, plunged in Euxine's
 dark sea,
 One pressure of love, and one murmur of prayer,
 And the wild waters wail o'er the fond and the
 free.

THE LAST WORD.

"MOTHER," hoarse and low it came,
 From the pallet where he lay ;
 For the long forgotten name
 Lived within his heart to-day.
 Haggard with remorseful thought,
 Rose his glance up, fierce and wild,
 And the mother whom he sought
 Scarce had known her first-born child,
 So the lines she loved to trace,
 Had been blotted from his face,
 By the wretchedness and sin,
 Which had raged, and reigned within.

"Mother ;" 'twas his first sweet word,
 Lisped beside a hearth-stone blest ;
 And the parent, when she heard,
 Clasped him to her raptured breast :
 But the voice that long ago
 Cheered her spirit with its songs,
 Changed its gentle music's flow,
 Hoarsely 'mid the revel's throngs.
 She, through long and cheerless years,
 Wept, with unavailing tears ;
 But her bosom desolate
 Found no tidings of his fate.

None were near to mourn for him—
 None to soothe his couch of pain,
 When his trembling eye grew dim—
 When distemper racked his brain :
 Boon companions turned away,
 From the terror, and the gloom,
 When the victim of their sway,
 Stayed his footsteps for the tomb :
 'Mid the infamy, and shame
 That had gathered round his name ;
 Once the household's joy and pride,
 Lonely, and unwept he died.

Those who loved him never learned
 How their prayers were heard in Heaven,
 How his childhood's dreams returned,
 And he wept and was forgiven—
 How the holy thoughts they nurs'd,
 Came to cheer his bed of death ;
 And the name he murmured first,
 Faltered on his dying breath.
 Though, amid the grave-mounds, none
 Rear for him the cross or stone ;
 His loved name is stirring yet,
 Hearts that may never forget.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

UNWARNED, upon the cloudless sky,
 A sudden thunder burst,
 Beneath the blood-stained willow trees
 On Brotteaux field accurst;—
 The fiends that fed on human life,
 Had waked the cannon's roar,—
 For blunt with carnage was the knife
 That deluged France in gore;—
 And, where its sanguine rivers flowed,
 Discarded, with a frown,
 The sickle that too slowly mowed
 Their breathing harvests down.

And the willows shook with horror,
 Uplifting from the plain
 The twigs that felt the seething heat,
 Of this unhallowed rain :

* The incident here related occurred during those bloody massacres by which France was decimated in the Reign of Terror. An avenue of willows was chosen as a place of execution, and the victims were brought out in large masses—in one instance as many as two hundred and ten—at a time, and shot down before the mouth of the cannon, the guillotine having been discarded as too slow a method of execution. For the account here given we are indebted to Lamartine's history of the Girondists.

And slowly, on the quivering air,
 The smoke-clouds rolled away,
 From off the crimson heather, where
 The murdered victims lay;
 But still with fettered hands, and feet,
 O'erflowed with kindred blood,
 And eye that watched, his doom to meet,
 A boy uninjured stood.

Javogues turned with careless scoff;—
 “ Well, let him live,” he said,
 “ The child shall join our ranks,—come off,—
 Such blood's not worth the lead.”
 Out spoke the boy, and each swift word
 With pride, and scorn had strife,
 As back upon the blood-stained herd,
 He hurled the proffered life.
 “ Stay not for me the tide ye shed,
 I spurn the boon ye give;
 The lovely, and the pure are dead,
 'Tis but the guilty live.

“ Call ye it mercy? What! to breathe
 This rank, and poisoned air,
 Where sights like these the eyeballs seethe?—
 Where only murderers are?
 The frailest coward 'neath yon sky,
 May welcome death's advance,
 When hell itself is drained of fiends
 To seal the curse of France.

Quick,—to your tasks,—the hour runs waste,
 Yon dungeons wait your care ;
 The life's blood crowds my veins, for haste
 To join the slumberers there."

He ceased,—but ere the breasts of men
 Could, for the wonder thrill,
 Hoarse breathed that brazen mouth again ;—
 His burning heart was still.

THE FALLING SNOW.

THE tempest is out—Oho ! Oho !
 Right merrily falls the fleecy snow ;
 And trellis and fence, and drifted pane,
 Are gay in their wintry garb again :
 While naked bramble, and bending spray,
 Have garlands fit for a king to-day ;
 And childhood is up with a shout—Oho !
 How merrily falls the fleecy snow.

The willow, still in her summer leaves,
 On the winds her varied fret-work weaves,—
 Her delicate twigs, and her fairy form,
 Are ever the last to bide the storm,

As over the garden, and the tomb,
 She watches and waits the passing bloom ;
 In sorrow and beauty, well fit to be,
 Alone and unchanged, the mourner's tree ;
 While over the ice-touched hearts below,
 So carelessly falls the fleecy snow.

The mountain ash, with her crimson freight,
 Is jeweled and plumed, in regal state,
 And flaunts abroad in her winter's sheen,
 As bright as a belle at gay sixteen ;
 While under the graceful, white-robed vine,
 The filling leaves of the homesick pine,
 To the gathering burden gayly lift,
 And dream old dreams of the mountain drift ;
 So merrily falls the snow—Oho !
 Right merrily falls the crystal snow.

Away through the storm's grey depths profound,
 There's a sail on the waters, outward bound ;
 What seek ye of joy where the cold wave flows ?
 Come back to your cheerful homes,—it snows ;
 Doth the glitter of wealth—the hope of gain,
 Shine, luring you over the frozen main ?
 But ah, in the hearts ye leave behind,
 There's a pang as they list to the howling wind—
 A thought that stifles the pulse's flow,
 Though merrily, merrily, falls the snow.

Oh, better than gold is the peaceful Home,
 Where gather the loved when dark hours come ;
 No matter how humble, if on its shrine
 The gems from the heart's rich treasures shine ;
 The proud may glitter—the storms may shout—
 The winds and the wealthy may flaunt without ;
 I'll heed alike their dazzle and din,
 If they leave me love's warm boon within ;
 While merrily falls the snow—Oho !
 A welcome guest is the falling snow.

EDEN. ✓

THERE are breathings of rapture abroad on the air,
 There's a glow on my spirit, unshadowed by care,
 The cool breeze of Spring dances light on my brow,
 And a vision of Eden steals over me now.

There's a flash on the streams of that far distant
 shore,
 Where the spirit is wakened to slumber no more ;
 There's a halo of light that the sun never gave,
 And a bursting of beauty, unchased by the grave.

There are seraphs, and angels surpassingly fair ;
 And the friends I have loved, and who loved me
 are there,
 And the hands that to earth we gave senseless and
 cold,
 Are sweeping o'er viols of diamond and gold.

There's a mingling of souls—there's a union of
 thought,
 There's a fullness of joy that this earth knoweth
 not :
 For their love hath no jarring of discord or strife ;
 There's peace by the Fount of the Water of Life.

'Tis not the wild dream of a fancy at play,
 Or a vision of Fairy Land—fading away :
 'Tis the spot where the Pilgrim and Stranger are
 blest ;
 'Tis the goal of my hopes ; 'tis the land of my rest.

Methinks through the sky bright-winged messen-
 gers come,
 To bear me a balm from that heavenly home :
 Let me quaff from the streams where the bright
 waters play,
 And gird me with strength for the heat of the day.

For the trials of life must be mine for a while,
 And I turn to my task with a tear and a smile :
 The hosts are around me of folly and sin,
 And their ranks must be passed ere those portals I
 win.

Then let me with courage my journey pursue,
 While these glimpses of Eden my strength shall
 renew,
 Till I hear, on my pathway, the voice of my God,
 And mount to my seat in that blissful abode.

THE HARVESTERS' RETURN.

Room,—in your hearts and at your hearth-sides,
 room,
 With kindly word, and welcome breathing face ;
 From fallow ground, and harvest field we come,
 To claim with gentle groups our wonted place.

In many a waving field of golden grain,
 Our ready hands have reaped the jeweled spoil,
 And homeward creaked the loaded harvest wain,
 By blithesome steps pursued, unspent by toil.

Boyhood's free shouts, and manly tones have been
 Ringing through forests deep of bending corn,
 Till the last bursting sheaf is garnered in,
 From plain and hill-side; and the red-eyed morn

Glances o'er stubble field and upland bare,
 Wondering to seek those bristling hosts in vain,
 Whose silken banners late were floating, where
 Nought but shorn stalks and gleaning ears
 remain.

Where, of rich fruits, the orchard's yellow store,
 Upon the groaning earth was shaken down,
 Our songs are silent and our toils are o'er;
 And deep in fairy bowers our hands had strown

The swelling clusters of the purple grape,
 Ere yet the hoar frost wandered forth at night,
 With noiseless step, and busy hand, to drape,
 The forests in their Autumn livery bright.

Room—in your hearts and at your hearth-sides,
 room;
 A murmur like the voice of storms draws near,
 From harvest field, and orchard ground we come,
 'Mid household groups to seek our winter cheer.

We know no rivals,—'mid the ranks of men,
 The tillers of the soil are nobles born,
 All summer long our blushing cheeks have been,
 Steeped in the kisses of the fresh-lipped morn ;

The monarch sun, with manhood's proudest crown,
 By his commissioned beams our brows hath
 spanned,
 And placed long since the badge of knighthood
 brown,
 And toil's strong gauntlet on each hardy hand.

By nature's labors flushed,—with steps of pride,
 From stubble field, and upland brown we come,
 To list glad voices at the ingle's side,
 And claim from gentle lips our welcome home.

I KNOW THAT I AM PASSING.

I know that I am passing from the sunny vales
 below,
 I know that I am passing, yet I mourn not that I
 go ;
 The joys have fled before me that around my
 pilgrim way,
 Were shining with a halo like the glory of the day.

The rosy cheeks have faded, and the beaming eyes
 are gone,
 And lips are sealed with marble, that have cheered
 me with their tone;
 The summer lacks the beauty that it wore in other
 years, [tears.
 For all things have a dimness, seen amid a mist of

Strangers are in the places where my heart's com-
 panions grew,
 When life's young buds were bursting, fraught
 with fragrance and with dew,
 Their voices may be kindly, but, within my spirit's
 shrine, [I pine.
 They wake but lonely echoes of the tones for which

I know that I am passing from the sunny vales
 below,
 I know that I am passing, yet I mourn not that I
 go;
 A blessed light, and holy, down the valley's dark-
 ened way,
 Is shining with a halo like the glory of the day.

A gentle voice hath called me from its dwelling
 with the stars,
 And my spirit's restless pinion frets against its
 prison bars;

Still longing to be with them who have passed that
 way before,
 Where the waves of Time are breaking on the far
 celestial shore.

O never seek to bind me, for there hangs no veil
 of gloom,
 There is cast no dreary shadow round the passage
 of the tomb,
 I shall hail the misty portal, where my chains of
 clay I fling,
 And amid my sainted kindred fold at last a weary
 wing.

THE TWO BRIDEGROOMS.

SHE wore what maidens wear but once—
 A robe of snowy whiteness fair,
 And dazzling as her radiant glance,
 And orange blossoms in her hair.
 And, like the wild bird's fluttering wing,
 Her heart stirred with the stirring air,
 As on her hand was placed the ring—
 The ring that maidens *never wear*:
 And forth she went with joyous tread,
 And music filled the heaven's blue dome,

And roses on the path were shed,
 That led her to her palace home :
 And courtiers knelt to kiss her hand,
 And wealth and joy around her shone ;
 For, noblest in a princely land,
 Was he that claimed her for his own.

She wore what mortals wear but once—
 A robe of snowy whiteness fair,
 That wrapt her bosom's pure expanse,
 But stirred not with the stirring air :
 Departed was the orange wreath
 That decked at morn her radiant brow,
 And hushed, her bridal ring beneath,
 Her ice-touched heart was slumbering now :
 And forth they went with mournful tread
 From 'neath the minster's sounding dome :
 And tears above the path were shed,
 That led her to her narrow home.
 Far downward moved the sorrowing band,
 'Mid willow and sepulchral stone,
 For monarch of the silent land
 Was he that claimed her for his own.

A PROMISE.

WHEN I am a spirit, with wings as free
As the pinions borne by the viewless air,
In the twilight time I will come to thee,
And count it a blessing to linger there.

And if thou shouldst feel, at that silent hour,
A whispered breath on thy spirit's shrine,
Oh, yield thy thoughts to its mystic power,
And know that my soul communes with thine!

And I would that the boon were granted now,
That magic beauty to linger nigh,
To fan the locks from that stainless brow,
Or quaff the light of that glorious eye :

For I know that within is a fountain deep,
The gleam of whose waves had birth on high,
Where, mirrored in quiet and beauty, sleep
The starry things of the holy sky.

Yet I would not come in my robes of clay ;
 As a being of earth, to thee unknown,
 I will wait till my spirit hath worn away
 The grosser garb that is round it thrown ;

And then, when the hum of the world hath died,
 On a summer's eve, from thy wearied ear,
 With a song of the skies I will seek thy side,
 And count it a blessing to linger there.

And the hour is near, for my eager heart
 Is beating a way through its temple frail,
 Where it soon shall bid my soul depart
 From the fetters it wore in this lowly vale.

And the voiceless strains that within me slept,
 That would not breathe in this tainted air ;—
 The harp that no human hands have swept,
 Shall wake in a burst of music there.

And thus I will come with pinions free,
 When the world's hum dies on thy wearied ear,
 In the twilight time, to seek from thee
 The union of feeling denied me here.

THE NEW YEAR.

So THEY are wasted,—the last sand hath sunk
 Down to its level,—turn the glass again.
 Ah, we have watched them through the rolling
 year,

Falling with their low echo, grain by grain,
 Each etching on the glass its record deep,
 In characters which they alone can read
 Who claim the mournful gift of second sight,
 And telling moments that shall be no more.
 There were bright sands among them,—shiningly,
 As Ophir's gold they fell; and you might deem
 That they were gathered from the fabled shores
 Of fairy lands, where glittering diamonds, washed
 Up by the sweet-toned waters, gem the beach;
 So gleamed they on the vision, so they sank
 Softly among their fellows, with a sound
 Sweet, as the harpings of the viewless land,
 And left their light behind them.

 These were grains
 Strewn by the hands of angels 'mid the sands
 Of Time's dim hour-glass, and the tales they told,
 Were redolent of happiness, and love,—

Of moments winged by gladness, bright though
brief,

And long remembered as the shining threads,
That scatter o'er the woof of human life.

There were dark sands among them,—Heavily,
With muffled sound they fell, though parted grains,
That backward ebb'd before their sinking weight,
As if they shrank to bear the tales they told:
So were they fraught with gloom, so swift they
came,

Like woe's winged messengers,—And you had
deemed

These sands were gathered from the crumbling
rocks,

Of old Averni's Lake,—so sad they seemed,—
So deep the darkness where their shadows fell.
And they who watched them, they for whom these
grains,

Were measured out by Time, in coming years,
Will hear the echo of the knell they rung
O'er hopes departed, and live o'er again,
With the heart's hoarded bitterness, and woe,
The moments they recorded.

But 'tis done,—

Each sand is wasted,—each brief tale is told,
And Time hath turned his ancient glass again
To count another year.

And now, once more,
We cast a hurried glance along the past,
And bring you wishes for the coming hours.

While rolled our planet through its wonted course,
 While swept life's cycles their last fleeting round,
 Hath it been well with you? Have there been
 showered

Blessings from Heaven upon your hearts, and
 homes?

Came the light to you as a gift of love
 When the dawn awakened? Did the wings of
 Peace

Brood o'er your pillows while the night-watch
 held?

Shone there about your hearths the gentle ray
 That makes life blissful when the storm is out
 Howling about the walls that shelter you?—
 Were your hearts gladdened when the balmy airs
 Came from the southland, bearing back the birds,
 And rousing earth to beauty?—Rolled the hours
 Of the sweet Summer like a pleasant song,
 Sung by a lip that loves us?—Garnered ye
 Dews from the grass, and fragrance from the
 flowers,—

Joy from the waters, sunshine from the skies,
 Storing a grateful fragrance in your hearts
 To cheer earth's darkness, when the winter came?
 Gleaned ye with gladness, when the Autumn fruits
 Fell ripe and free, and over hill, and glade,
 Before the reapers, sank the bearded grain,
 Scattering the earth with plenty? Of the gifts
 Strewn by our Maker with a liberal hand,

Have ye laid by, in store for future want,
 Your portion, and *no more*? Have ye gone forth
 Strewing such surplus blessings, as have fallen
 In your possession, out to those that lacked,
 Knowing that where the gift exceeds the want,
 The hoarded manna is a noisome boon,
 Yielding no joy to him who gathered it.
 Are the same beating hearts around you still,
 That loved you most when the last year came out
 Upon his mission? Is no treasured gem,
 Gone from your caskets? Hath no tie been riven,
 That twined amid your heart-strings? Have ye
 learned

Wisdom from trials,—Gratitude from joy,
 And turn ye now with confidence, and trust,
 Strong for the struggle of your future lives?
 Then is it well with you.

But we have seen
 The light fade out from many a pleasant eye;
 And forms that met us on our daily round,
 We meet no more. And tones that woke to joy,
 Full many a bosom, through the Summer hours,
 Are still in death. And many a fair young face
 Sleeps, with the drifted snow above it piled,
 White as the grave's cold tablet.

And, of those
 Who greet us still, full many a cheek is pale
 That flushed whilom with joy, and happiness.
 And eyes that glistened, when the withered leaves

That heap the hollows of the groves, were green
 Upon their branches, to look up, and see
 The stars amid their varying shadows gleam
 Bright as their own young hopes, are dim to-day,
 For those bright hopes are vanished with the year,
 Sweet tones that whispered,—burning lips that
 breathed

Love's transient tales beneath a summer sky,
 And hearts that answered to them, now are cold,
 And changed beneath the withering wand of Time.
 New joys have risen,—old dreams have passed
 away,

Fresh friends have clustered round our paths, to
 fill

The place of those departed. Softly passed
 The swift-paced year, but lo, on lip and brow,
 And bosoms that scarce ken the march of Time,
 Lingers the impress of his footsteps still.
 Hath change swept lightly o'er you? Have you
 grown

Wiser, and happier from the rolling hours?—
 Or are your visions flown, your hopes expired?
 Know there's a land where hope shall not decay.
 Have ye lost treasures? Hoard hereafter, where
 Rust nor corruption cometh, and for you
 It shall be well forever.

There are hearts

That weave the sunbeams into robes of gold,
 To clothe the spirit in, and walk in light,

Though darkness broods around them; and, of
flowers,

Have skill to gather, ere the summer flies,

With fragrance redolent, a silken couch,

Where gratitude, and peace reposing lie.

What though the flowers may fade, the sun be
veiled?

So do the words of love dissolve in air,

Melting from sound to silence, and are gone.

But pass they from the hearts on which they fell?

Are they not ever treasured, locked and barred,—

Kept like a kingdom's jewels? Years may pass,

And leave them still undimmed. Dark hours may
come,

They're gems that shine but brighter for the
gloom.

The sound may perish, but the bosom hath

A thousand echoes in its secret cells,

To ring them out forever,—sweet as when

The soul first thrilled beneath their magic power.

Thus, from the souls that have the skill to reap

A golden harvest, while the bright hours last,

Heaven's blessings never perish.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I.

Ho, stream from the mountain-top, joyously flowing,
All glancing and bright in the sun's happy ray!
What vision of joy lights the path thou art going?
Or why dancest thou thus o'er thy danger-traced
way?

II.

Thy waves, o'er the rugged cliffs fearlessly dashing,
Come rushing with glee round the rocks where
they break;
Like the eye of a merry child, sparkling and flashing,
Or dimpling with smiles like a young maiden's
cheek.

III.

Thy spray, to the sunlight so mirthfully tossing,
Is bright as the gems that an angel might wear;
And it scatters its wealth, with new verdure em-
bossing
The moss-covered rocks that hang tremblingly
near.

IV.

Thou dost pass on thy way, like a heaven-missioned
blessing,
 Arraying thy banks with fresh garlands of green,
Each twig that bends o'er thee in fondness caressing,
 And leaving new beauty where'er thou hast been.

V.

With fresh vigor returning, and happier motion,
 From each barrier that meeteth thy wild reckless
 wave,
Thou dost speed, with that low gurgling laugh, to
 the ocean,
 Unbaffled—unchecked—like a host of the brave.

VI.

Say why, with such free careless speed, thou art
 hastening
 Afar, and away from the caves of thy birth,
With thy merry waves laughing, and dancing, and
 glistening,
 As there were no sorrow in all the wide earth.

VII.

Was there nothing in all thou art leaving behind
 thee,
 That stooped to thy kisses, or smiles on thy way,

That had power, in its beauty, or freshness to bind
 thee,
 Or bid thee upon thy wild pathway delay?

VIII.

Or is there some bright hope still gleaming before
 thee,
 That beckons thee on to a happier goal,
 That suffers no traces of weariness o'er thee,
 And teaches thee scorn for all other control?

IX.

Oh, canst thou not guide me the path whence thou
 camest,
 To the caves where the diamond and porphyry
 dwell,
 And teach me the joy with which ever thou gleam
 est—
 Its deep, priceless fount, or its fairy-like spell?

X.

Canst thou tell me no tale of the mines that are
 buried
 Away in the depths of those caverns unseen;
 Of the treasures that lie 'neath yon mountain-ridge
 serried,
 Where eye hath not pierced, and where foot hath
 not been?

XI.

Canst thou point to no cleft where my eye may
 pause gazing
 Adown on the soul of this mystical world ;
 Where the fires that Destruction hath kindled are
 blazing,
 And Ruin's new hosts have their banners unfurled ?

XII.

Thou heed'st not—yet still shalt thou teach me a
 lesson,
 As on with thy joy and thy blessings thou'rt
 borne,
 Sent gladsomely forth from the earth's gloomy
 prison,
 No more to the home of thy birth to return.

XIII.

So burst from the dark womb of Time my own
 spirit—
 So passeth it forth on its hurrying way ;
 And may it not still, like thy bright wave, inherit
 The mirth and the pureness that round thee do
 play ?

XIV.

Oh ! may it not thus, its rough pathway pursuing,
 Preserve the bright halo that gilded its birth ;
 With each trial or conflict its vigor renewing,
 And bearing some blessing to deck the green
 earth ?

XV.

Oh ! what to the mazes of this world can bind me,
 Or lay on my spirit Care's fetter-links more,
 If the path where I tread may grow greener behind
 me.
 And the rainbow of Hope spread in beauty before ?

XVI.

Let my spirit henceforth, with a happier motion,
 Speed onward, with blessings, and joy in its flow ;
 Till it mix with the waves of Eternity's ocean,
 As gladsome—as pure—as untainted as thou.

THE SHADOW.

I sit at my task, with the sun's blessed light
For my richest of gifts, from morn till night,
And list to the sound of the trampling feet,
That are ringing along on the stony street;
And many a shadow of passers-by
Comes dimming the light to my careful eye,
Like a flitting mist on the casement thrown,
One moment it falls, and the next is gone,
As, borne by a tide that will not stay,
The passer goeth his destined way:
And I never look out on the thronging train
To watch if their footsteps return again;
But every morn through the open door,
One lingering shadow hath marked the floor,
Too silent and slow for the busy throng,
As it bore some weary weight along,
And I raise my eyes each day to see
When it passeth between the sun and me.
'Tis a worn old man, and his locks of grey,
Untrimmed and long, on his shoulders lay;
With a palsied hand, and a faltering tread,
He tottereth on, and his weary head
Is bowed half way to his mother earth,
And they say there hath been since his hour of birth

A century told—and his lot is still
 A place 'mid the sons of men to fill.
 The tender leaves of the cowslip green,
 May be through his willow basket seen ;
 Or the early roots from the garden pulled—
 Or the berries ripe which his hand hath culled ;
 And he beareth them on from door to door,
 Earning his bread—a scanty store.
 When the Summer's sun shines warm and free,
 Weary and faint, I ween, is he ;
 But hunger hath spurs for his lagging feet,
 And he struggles on in the sultry heat ;
 Picking his careful way along,
 And shrinking aside from the jostling throng,
 And peering through misty eyes in vain
 For a firmer spot for his trembling cane.
 Few are the objects that meet his sight,
 For never again will he stand upright—
 Few are the pleasures that o'er him roll,
 For he claims no kin with a living soul.—
 There's no one to lighten his waning life,
 He hath no daughter, nor son, nor wife ;
 And his sire, and his brothers—long since they
 fell

In that gory field where he fought so well.
 'Tis this worn old man, as he totters past,
 Whose lingering shade on my floor is cast ;
 And only when he went by my door
 Have I paused to sigh that I, too, was poor ;

And still, (but wherefore I cannot tell,)
 As my eye on this time-bowed veteran fell,
 A pensive thought to my mind hath sprung,
 Of the days when he, like myself, was young,
 And his eye was clear, and his lip, and brow,
 Lighter and freer than mine are now;
 And his foot trod firmly and proudly then
 'Mid the busiest ranks of the boldest men;
 And again I've thought that I yet might be
 Weary and worn, and bowed as he.
 'Twas thus that I learned to love so well
 The shadow that over my threshold fell,
 And often I turned with a listening ear,
 The sound of his coming steps to hear,
 Or to wipe a tear from a moistened eye.
 As that aged man went slowly by.
 So passed the Spring and the Summer away,
 And I greeted him still each sunny day;
 But I missed him at length one dewy morn,
 When the sun looked over the golden corn,
 And I waited in vain through the live-long
 day,
 But no tottering footsteps came that way;
 And my spirit was sadder at eventide,
 As if some blessing had been denied.
 Again and again the day passed by,
 And no lingering shadow had dimmed my eye;
 But at length I was roused by a sullen sound,
 And a heavy tread o'er the stony ground,

And I turned from my window an anxious eye,
 And saw where a desolate hearse went by,
 And I knew from that coffin, misshaped and wide,
 That that aged man at length had died.
 My eye sunk back as the train went past,
 And the tears on my paper fell thick and fast,
 Till the half-drawn sketch my hand had traced,
 From the sheet was blotted and effaced.
 I knew not why I should weep for him,
 Whose sun of life had so long been dim—
 Unless it might be that no other tear
 Of sorrow would fall o'er his silent bier.
 And yet it was not for him I wept,
 For sweet, I knew, was the sleep he slept;
 He had but sought that home at last,
 Where the friends of his youth had long since
 passed;
 But my bosom was swelling with feelings strange—
 A thought of Time, and a thought of Change—
 A thought of Decay's all blighting breath—
 A thought of Sorrow—a thought of Death—
 And a thought beside of that peaceful home
 Where the cares of earth have no power to come.—
 'Twas a mingled tide that o'er me swept,
 When I knew of the sleep that old man slept,
 And the tears would roll from my brimming eye,
 And I wept—I wept—I knew not why.

HARRIET NEWELL JONES.

SOFT as the tints of early dawn,
Pure as the dew-bespangled flower,
Sweet as some harp-string's gentle tone,
Such was thy spirit's opening hour.

And soft as evening's parting ray,
And sweet as pensive music dies,
That trembling, lingering, melts away ;
So passed that spirit to the skies.

Before a breath had power to dim
The gem that claimed its home in Heaven,
The cask returned its hoard to Him,
Whose hand the precious boon had given.

And, though thus early called to part ;
Our tears of fondness we restrain,
Lift up to Heaven a thankful heart,
And feel thou hast not lived in vain.

SCRAP FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

“Down with your bows—your spears away,
And seize him living—for ye may.”

And well they marked how vain the speed
Of that unmatched and matchless steed ;

For sudden in his path there rose

A mountain barrier, stern and cold,
That must his headlong course oppose,

And yield him to the gathering foes,

That, flank and rear, their lines unfold.

The horseman reined him from the shock

Of that bare cliff that barred his way ;

And, from the mountain's rugged rock,

Turned boldly, like a beast at bay ;

Just as the first pursuer's blade,

On his mailed arm was ringing laid,

And round him closed, in bristling ring,

The followers of the wrathful King.

“Ho! prisoner,” in triumphant tone,

Out spoke the leader of the train ;

“Though fast and far thy steps have flown

O'er wooded steep, and grassy plain,

'Twere well to trace those paths again ;

For, backward to the kingdom's throne,
 Our hands shall guide thy courser's rein.
 Too long, by mountain pass and lea,
 Have sleepless eyes kept watch for thee ;
 Too long thy skill hath mocked our power,
 But now, by deed all featly done,
 Our hands have, in this favored hour,
 The guerdon of thy life's blood won.
 In Lietthold's dungeons by the sea,
 Our liege hath ward prepared for thee ;
 And ne'er, at monarch's high behest,
 Hath sought his towers more welcome guest ;
 Vail thy proud crest ;—with visor lowered,
 Confess thy fate, and yield thy sword."

But calmly, with unshrinking eye,
 The captured chieftain made reply—
 "I know that long, by pass and lea,
 Have sleepless eyes kept watch for me,
 And long, on castled stream and brake,
 Those weary watchers yet may wake ;
 And longer, at thy lord's behest,
 May Lietthold's dungeons wait their guest.
 But, ere your monarch's chains I wear,
 Or ere I seek his welcome fair,
 A call more powerful waits my care :
 And while one hand can wield a lance,
 That owns the power of tyrant France,
 Trançavel yet may need his sword :
 Bear back my answer to your lord."

The sable courser backward sprung,
 Beneath his hoof the flint-rocks rung—
 And, ere the hand that grasped his rein,
 Had wakened to the sudden pain
 That wrung the captive from his hold,
 His foot had gained a summit bold;
 And pressed—the mountain ridges o'er,
 A path that none had dared before.

A moment shrunk the train amazed,
 As on his fearful flight they gazed,
 A moment, and their bows they drew,
 In showers the hurtling arrows flew,
 And from his corselet harmless fell;
 Those links of steel were woven well.
 And there were coursers trained and bred,
 But none that mountain cliff could tread,
 And none could hope, in fiery speed,
 To mate Trançavel's sable steed.

By cliff and stream—by tower and brake,
 Those weary watchers yet may wake;
 And yet may seek, with hope and dread,
 The price of his devoted head;
 And while the stars shall gem the sky,
 And while the flowers shall bloom and die,
 And while the sun shall seek the west,
 Shall Lietthold's dungeons wait their guest.

LADIES' MISSION HYMN.

WE have been where the poor and friendless abide,
 The cold couch of want and sorrow beside,—
 Where the light struggled in thro' the dust covered
 pane,
 That gave entrance alike to the wind and the
 rain;—

Where the hearth was unswept and the low walls
 were bare
 And no warm smile of love lit the heart's darkness
 there;
 For each face that we met was a guilt written
 page,
 Where the finger of crime traced the wrinkles of
 age.

And the symbols of heaven on the brow of the
 child,
 By passion and sorrow were ploughed and defiled :
 And the outcasts of earth had crept shivering there,
 With a mantle of rags round a breast of despair.

With no promise above, and no refuge below,
And no dim star of hope on the night of their woe;
In anguish they trod on their thorn-scattered path,
And drank to the dregs of the mixture of wrath.

We have come with a tale of the suffering throng,
And the air shall resound to our sorrowing song,
Till it thrills from the harp in the mansions of
 pride,
Or wakes in the cot by the green mountain
 side:—

Till the hearts of the happy in sympathy melt,
And their hands are outstretched to the victims of
 guilt;
While their love shines afar down the desolate
 track,
To illumine their darkness, and beckon them back.

THE OCEAN BIRD.

THE tramp of the storm god is heard in the wood,
 And the trees stand to arms; like a host of the
 brave :

In wrath he hath strode o'er the dark rolling flood,
 Till he lashed into mountains each slumbering
 wave.

And the sound of his clarion, loud swelling, and
 far,

Hath summoned the seaman to do, or to die :
 While his legions are spread, with their trappings
 of war,
 In their blackness, and majesty far o'er the sky.

The eagle, and wolf to a covert must flee,
 For the lords of the forest have bowed to the
 blast ;

The sails of the strong ship are furled on the sea,
 And the wreaths of the spray are swung high
 from the mast.

All life from the tumult hath shrunk in affright ;—
 But hush !—to the thunder some answer I heard

There's a single lone form lingers yet on the
night:—

Why seekest thou no shelter thou snow-bosomed
bird?

All bare is thy breast to the tempest's rude shock,
And thy broad wings are stretched to the hurri-
cane's sweep:—

Oh, hast thou no home in some cleft of the rock,
When the storm gathers o'er thee, white bird of
the deep?

When the lords of the ocean have cowered at the
gale;

When destruction's abroad on her maddened
career;

When the eagle eye quails, and the proud lip is
pale,

And the lion heart trembles, hast thou nought
to fear?

I spake, for the sea-gull was sweeping with pride,
His azure-tinged wings o'er the ocean wave
black:

But a voice, sweetly tuned, as if spirits replied,
'Mid the wails of the storm-wind came dreamily
back.

“The form that is veiled in the tempest’s wild
night,

Is the same by whose soft breath the wind-flower
is fanned ;

He hath moulded my heart to its thrill of delight,
And the winds, and the waters are grasped in
His hand.

’Tis the day that I love,—’tis my soul’s chosen
hour,—

In the shouts of the thunder His voice do I hear,
And a proud wing I plume when He walketh
in power,

For my heart beats His welcome ;—What mean’s t
thou by fear ?

Shall I turn my glad breast from the hurricane’s
shock,

Shall I hush, on the wild winds my pæan of joy ?
Will His right arm be stayed from that cleft of the
rock,

Where my home hath been reared, when He
wills to destroy ?

Let the lion step flee,—let the proud lip grow pale,
Let the wolf, and the eagle speed homeward in
fear ;

My eye is unblenched, and my heart does not quail ;
My nest is the foam-wreaths,—my shelter is
here.

Let the timid rejoice when the sky is not dim,
 Let the song bird go forth with the tender
 winged light;
 But the calm and the tempest alike are of Him;
They may bask in His sunbeams, *I* joy in His
 might."

Still crashed the loud thunder afar o'er the
 heaven,
 But my heart with a flood of emotion was
 warm,
 As I watched, by the light from the cloud legions
 given,
 Where proudly the ocean bird wheeled on the
 storm.

Oh why from His glory, and strength should we
 cower,
 In His mantle of darkness when God draweth
 near,
 Who have trusted His mercy in summer's glad
 hour?
 What need we of shelter,—what mean we by
 fear?

Be thy joy at the sight of His majesty mine,
 When He shaketh the mountains, and plougheth
 the sea,

When the oaks of the forest are wreathed like a
vine,
And the ship from the storm wind, unpinioned
must flee.

Aye, plume thy proud wing all unshrinking for
flight,
Though the clouds gather strength, and the
hurricane rave,
Sweep still o'er the surge with thy song of delight,
And my soul shall be with thee white bird of
the wave.

S O N G

FOR A PUBLIC SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

THE birth-day of Freedom hath dawned o'er the
land,
And gladly we welcome its joyous returning;
For, though we're but children, our bosoms ex-
pand,
With the blest fires of Liberty, bursting and
burning;
The flag of our country we fling to the air,
To watch it with rapture, and guard it with care;

While our proud eagle, spurning at fetters and
 bars,
 With a realm in his shadow, soars home to the
 stars.

Our steps have scarce pressed on the war path of
 life;

And now, ere we mix in its turmoil and rattle,
 From those at whose summons we come to the
 strife,

Strong weapons we seek, for the front of the
 battle;

With knowledge our shield, and the truth for our
 blade,

We'll stand with our free hearts as fitly arrayed
 As our eagle, that, spurning at fetters and bars,
 With a realm in his shadow, soars home to the
 stars.

Our watch-word that's rousing the world with its
 tone,

Shall summon strong hands to the good work
 before us,

Till bondman and free, in our country, shall own

No stripes, save the blue of the flag that floats
 o'er us;

For long as we're waging the war of the right,

We'll victors exult, or yield life in the fight;

While our free spirits, spurning at fetters and bars,

In the track of our eagle, soar home to the stars.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

KINDLY tones, and gentle faces,—
 Forms affection fondly traces,—
 Ye are from your wonted places
 Gone, forever gone :
 Shrines where life was fain to linger,
 Time has laid his tireless finger,
 Recklessly upon.

Stranger lips the echoes waken,—
 Gems unprized are round us shaken,—
 Lonely gleams Hope's moving beacon ;
 When the soul must leave
 Friends that made its visions brighter,—
 Dreams that left its slumbers lighter,—
 Other chains to weave.

Flitting on, and flitting ever,
 Joys must fade, and chords must sever,
 But the heart,—resuming never
 Things it valued most,—
 Still life's cherished boon possessing,
 Will not drown the moment's blessing,
 Weeping o'er the lost.

Brightly beam the heavens o'er me,—
 Sweetly winds the path before me,—
 And when memory's hands restore me,
 Joyous dreams of eld,
 Hovering 'twixt the past and present,
 And the hopes half-formed and pleasant,
 Fancy's wings are held.

Memory, of the past, is breathing,—
 Time, its passing gifts, bequeathing,—
 Hope, the gorgeous future, wreathing;—
 Yet, from such a dower,
 Oft the miser soul uprises,
 Fain to pour each bliss she prizes,
 On the present hour.

O, what seeks th' insatiate spirit?
 Even the passing days inherit,
 Gifts beyond its utmost merit;
 And, with beauty rife,
 Thought, the boundless store increasing,
 Bids us pour, with love unceasing,
 Thanks to God for life.

FRIENDLY ADDRESS

TO FIVE MILLION AND A HALF OF MY FELLOW-POETS.

Don't scribble, gentle, dreamy friends,—it takes a
deal of time,

And pens, and ink, and candle-light, with *no*
account of brains :

You leave the gentler joys of life, and wreck your
wits in rhyme,

And when you're done you're sure to get,—*your*
labor for your pains.

Don't scribble, dear, romantic youth, it's bad to be
a poet ;

You leave your mirror in a dream, and lose your
best cravat :

And, where the pavement stones are loose, you trip
before you know it,

And hear the saucy urchins cry, "I guess you
are a *flat.*"

And then, if you should print the gems you've
hoarded all your life,—

The thoughts that boiled and seethed beneath
your nightcap, or your hat,—

You'd best be armed to bear the cut of some cold
pruning-knife,

And hear the uproused critics cry, "Behold, you
are a *flat.*"

Don't think the grateful world will prize each well-
conned thought and word,

While you can on your laurels lay your wearied
limbs to rest ;

A murderous hum will greet you, when your first
faint step is heard,

Just like the starved mosquitoes in the swamp-
wood, of the West.

Now, for your draft of brain-work 'tis the poorest
kind of "*sell*,"

But you must win with gold, dear friend, their
praise—if they bestow it,

Perhaps you're not aware,—but I have proved the
fact full well,

That every critic is, or was, a disappointed poet ;
And though they're cast from out the halls of fame
they hoped to win,

They're porters at the gate, you know, and hold
the fated key ;

And think you, they will yield from choice, and let
a stranger in,

To haunt those halls amid whose stars they had
so hoped to be ?

Don't scribble, gentle maidens, it will mar your
household worth ;

And all the beaux with smiles or pelf, will shun
you if you do ;

And every little foible that you've cherished from
 your birth,
 Will fly on Madam Rumor's wings—because
 you are a *blue*.
 Don't scribble, darlings, one and all, it's just a
 waste of toil,
 With digits cramped, and aching brain, you fret
 your life away,
 And, if you faint, you're surely crushed amid the
 dire turmoil,
 And if you win the world you sought,—alas! it
 doesn't pay.

SOLILOQUY.

BY DICK DASHWOOD.

THERE'S something wrong in my estate,
 And sadly doth it pain me;
 I think I'll have to emigrate,—
 This place will not contain me.

Yet here I've dwelt these three years gone,
 (Which makes my sorrow stronger,)
 And with the "big bugs" dashed and shone,
 As I can do no longer.

I sport no more my coach and four,
 As last year I was able,
 Because that heartless miser Gore
 Won't trust me at the stable.

I'll let him know that "things" so low
 As one who *curries* "*cattle*,"
 Could not, unwhipt, such rudeness show;
 But that I fear he'd tattle.

The coat I wear is waxing brown,
 And shabby as a sailor;
 Oh how I wish we had in town,
 Some new, and stylish tailor.

There is not one from Shears to Stone,
 Who used to bow with pleasure,
 To note my fine proportions down,
 That now will take my measure.

I'd spurn the ill-bred puppies, but
 Their slights I must endure, too
 For, if the tailors will not *cut*,
 The ladies will be sure to.

The bosom friends with whom I've drank
 And dined, begin to slight me;
 And there are certain dames of rank,
 This winter don't invite me.

I meet their stately frowns, and here
 I have no farther chances ;
 The maidens dear, its very clear,
 On others cast their glances.

De Witt the stiff is flirting with
 My fair and rich Susannah ;
 And Helen with the golden wreath,
 They say's engaged to Tanner.

Even Clara slights me boldly, though
 My thrilling eyes rebuke her ;
 Oh that I were but wedded to
 Some thousand pounds of lucre.

But all goes wrong with my estate,
 'Tis like a toppling steeple ;
 I think I'll have to seek my fate,
 Among some worthier people.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

My brother, thou wert by my side in childhood's
 golden hours,
 When up the sunny hills I strayed, or roved among
 the flowers ;
 Together o'er the lawns we ranged, or thro' the
 tangled wood,
 And ever with each other shared each sad and joy-
 ous mood ;

And as o'er Summer's faded flowers the chilling
 Winter rose,
 We sported on the glassy stream, or faced the
 drifting snows;
 And when the many pleasures and the toils of day
 were through,
 A cheerful and light-hearted band to the warm
 fireside drew.
 We were a happy circle then, about our father's
 board,
 And long were ours the precious gifts that home
 can e'er afford.
 And when at length the hand of Time was sever-
 ing our band—
 When each must leave the household hearth, in his
 own lot to stand
 Upon the busy stage of life, to bear his varied
 part,
 Still didst thou linger at my side, thou brother of
 my heart.
 Thou wert the sharer of my joys in life's sweet
 summer time,
 Thy heart hath felt my every care in manhood's
 busy prime;
 And when the withering hand of age was laid upon
 our powers,
 Companion of my pilgrimage, sweet counsel still
 was ours.

Together we have gathered to the table of the
Lord,

Together felt the healing balm that in his blood
was poured.

But we are severed now, at length thou'st heard
thy summons home,

And like the corn that's fully ripe, art gathered to
the tomb,

And all that erst our fireside waked with child-
hood's merry tone,

Have slept the dreamless sleep of death, and I am
left alone.

Alone—the weight of hoary years have bowed my
manhood's pride,

And my slow steps are treading now thro' life's
dim eventide;

Already on my withered cheek I feel his chilling
breath,

And know that soon I too must bow to that stern
reaper, Death.

I mourn not that my weary life is waning to its
close,

For I have felt for many a year its pleasures and
its woes;

Ere long upon the silent air shall wake my part-
ing knell,

Then only for a little while, my brother, fare thee
well.

THE LOST GEM.

'Mid the fresh blossoms of the wild wood lying,
 Upon thy native earth once more at rest,
 With the tall tangled trees above thee sighing,
 Whose envious branches tore thee from my breast,

Lost gem and precious, thou no more wilt glisten
 With pale, pure lustre to a human eye;
 Or to that weary heart's sad beatings listen,
 Above whose prison 'twas thy wont to lie.

I had not prized thee for thine outward seeming,—
 Thou wert but gold, earth's gloomiest mines
 have more;
 Nor for the chasings rich around thee gleaming,
 The smith's cold chisel could this worth restore.

But with a silken chain whose links are broken,
 Bound by a hand that I may clasp no more,
 Long hadst thou borne in every line a token,
 Of other hours whose glittering dreams are o'er.

Another heart had told to thee its story,—

A breast that now is cold was once thy shrine,
And there was 'round thee cast a golden glory,
That had no light for other eyes than mine.

But thou hast gone, 'mid songs, and merry laughter,

Where none shall list the tale thou hast to tell,
And there are things my heart shall hoard hereafter,
In memory's cask alone,—lost gem farewell.

I'VE MET HER.

I'VE met her many a day,
With a soft child-like footstep hurrying by,
And ever, like the summer's sunniest ray,
That vision flits before my raptured eye.

Morning's first beam
Portrays her image to my wakening sight;
And glorious still, in every changing dream,
She flits before me like a thing of light.

In color, like pale gold,
Are the soft locks that round her forehead twine,
And wreath in many bright, and waving fold,
The breeze blown roses, from her cheek, that shine,

A warm, pure smile she wears,
 And the clear brow of one whose steps have trod
 Along life's path, unwitting of its cares,
 Half-way from infancy to womanhood.

And from her heaven-tinged eyes,
 A glance of confidence, and love looks forth;
 The upward gushing of a fount that lies,
 Deep-hid; and guileless of the taints of earth.

The name she bears,
 I have not learned, nor questioned; 'tis enough
 To gaze upon a face like that she wears,
 And bear its memory on life's journey rough.

It wakes a glow
 In the sad, homeless heart, and bids it turn
 Back from the crowded page of human woe,
 And more of life's free, priceless blessings learn.

Like a kind word
 To the faint pilgrim, on his weary way;
 The warm, heart-sunshine of her look hath stirred
 My heart's sweet waters into joyous play.

What I have said—
 That she hath breathed the breeze on Erie's shore,
 And trod the walks that, day by day, I tread,
 And quaffed the light, this know I, and no more.

But there shall dwell,
 Ever, a grateful feeling in my heart,
 To those who trained that heaven-born soul so
 well
 And Him who could such matchless grace impart.

For unto me,
 It hath been like the gifts of light, or air,
 Or bursting flowers—more prized because I see
 The holy smile of Heaven reflected there.

THE SUICIDE.

DEAD,—did they say?—that child,
 That lovelier than Eden's loveliest flower,
 One little year ago upon me smiled,
 In maiden beauty, pure, and undefiled,
 In her far native bower.

Dead! and her own young hand
 Hath poured to earth her bosom's poisoned tide.
 Ah, when last summer's breeze her temples fanned,
 That gentle heart, the happiest in the land,
 Beat fondly at my side.

Pure as her own, the while,
 She deemed the breast of him to whom she clung,
 With bounding pulse, and joy-impassioned smile :—
 There had not entered then the thought of guile
 Her blissful dreams among.

Frail girl:—that from his height,
 Could deem the eagle, at the voice of love,
 Would leave his mansion in the home of light,
 And fold the pinions of his towering flight,
 To mate the timid dove.

She should, alas, have known,
 The bird that learned in loftier airs his lay,
 Or once above the purple clouds hath flown,
 How bright so e'er his eye, or sweet his tone,
 But stoops to earth for *prey*.

But all too well she learned,
 To look upon the world with other eyes;
 And when she fell at length, betrayed and spurned,
Read THERE the story how her bosom burned;
 Behold, how low she lies.

Ay, cold, in that cold flood,
 That from her bursting veins her thin hand spilt;
 The same warm tide that in her young cheek glowed
 At Love's first word; and oh, how soon bestowed,—
 Even there the flush of guilt.

What heart-wrung tears have rolled
 Along that haggard cheek, of late so fair :—
 That wasted breast hath heaved with pangs untold ;
 And nothing, save those dabbled locks of gold,
 Survives the ruin there.

Away, pale, haunting thought,
 Why prates my conscience thus, this work to see,
 As if it were a deed my hand had wrought.
 Down, fearful whisper, down ;—I slew her not—
 What is her death to me ?

Wretch that I am ;—the blade
 Grasped by her skinny hand dealt not the blow
 That, low in dust, her opening life hath laid ;—
 That life was poisoned at its fountain head,
 And perished long ago.

To quench the ray divine,
 Of virtuous light, that sparkled in her eye ;—
 To crush the blossoms round her young heart's
 shrine,
 And blight that heart for aye :—this work was mine.
 What is it more to die ?

She hath but aimed, at best,
 Her blow upon the leafless, sapless tree,
 Whose crumbling trunk, and lightning-stricken
 crest,
 Would fain, long since, its native earth have prest ;
 Its ruin rests on me.

Why turned my footsteps here,
 To ponder on the horrors of my crime?
 To summon to my soul a form of fear,
 That still must haunt it, through each coming year,
 Of ever-during time?

LINES

ON WITNESSING 'AN EXHIBITION OF INDIAN STUDENTS.

FROM the shadows on your fathers' graves
 By the darkling pine tree flung,
 Where the sounding of the northern waves,
 Hath over your spirits rung:

FROM the rushing streams—from the dim old aisles,
 Where the eagle hath her home,—
 Where the deer is free in his native wilds,
 Are ye of the forest come.

Sons of a soil we claim as ours;
 With your fathers' ashes strewn,—
 Of whose drooping fruit and bursting flowers,
 They gathered in ages gone,

With a kindly heart and open hand,
 Are your words of greeting met;
 There are stranger lips in your father land
 Shall bear you a blessing yet.

Bide with us—the priceless gold ye claim
 From your hands shall not be stay'd,
 And we do but pray, in your far-off home,
 That its lustre may not fade.

THE HAUNTED CHILD.

[A BOY, whose brother had been murdered, refused subsequently to join in the sports of his young companions, and his reply, to those who strove to rouse him from the melancholy into which he fell, was, that he “could not cover Wesley up.” He soon pined away, and died, and on his death-bed seemed to think his brother was his constant attendant, and received every thing offered him as if from his hand.]

Ah yes, I know their joyous tones are ringing
 Up from their childish gambols clear, and free;
 But the glad light of life to them is bringing
 Visions and hopes it proffers not to me.

I cannot join them, mother,—the glad feeling
 Of their young breasts will not be mine again ;
 And their wild music, and their laughter pealing
 Ring through my bosom like a throb of pain.

The springs may brightly glance through grove
 and dingle,
 And rainbow blossoms smile reflected there ;
 While in their cups the gushing odors mingle
 Their richest fragrance for the summer air ;

The sky may spread its azure arch above me,
 Gilt with the day beams, or the stars of night ;
 And the clear voices, and the eyes that love me,
 Pour on my soul their music and their light :

But, though the varied tints of skies elysian,
 Their heavenly offerings have assembled here,
 They bar not from my sight one haunting vision,
 Or check one sound of woe that fills my ear.

Nor would ye woo me from my pathway lonely,
 Or strive, in vain, my mournful dreams to
 cheer,
 Had ye but felt within your bosoms only
 How sad the smile that crushes down a tear.

Still doth one death-like phantom near me hover,
 One mangled bosom meet my straining eyes,
 And vainly, mother, have I sought to cover,
 That form beneath the grave sod where it lies.

I see it stretched upon the ocean billow,
 Or on the fresh bed where the violets are;
 And when, at night, I seek my lonely pillow,
 Still gape those fearful wounds beside me there.

Oh, I had rested on that bosom tender,
 With trusting heart, from childhood's earliest
 hours;
 And every token kind that love can render,
 From that dear hand, had strown my path with
 flowers.

And when I saw him laid thus cold and lowly,
 Where his red death-wounds marred the cheer-
 ful light;
 Think ye the memory of that deed unholy,
 While life remains, can vanish from my sight?

Even from my cradle he was with me ever,
 Pouring his tones of music in my ear;
 Nor could the stroke of death our hearts dis sever,
 For still, dear mother, he is always near.

It is at Wesley's call I wake at morning,
 By Wesley's side I wander through the day;
 And his kind hand is raised in anxious warning,
 If danger marks the path in which I stray.

But though we tread where spring flowers gaily
 blossom,
 And the wild birds their gladdest music pour,
 He draws no mantle round his gory bosom;—
 I cannot see him as he looked of yore.

Yet bend ye not with anxious looks above me,
 Nor weep that for this life my wings are furled;
 I know there still are hearts on earth that love me,
 But there's one dearer in the spirit world.

And I must go,—it is his voice that calls me,
 His hand is beckoning on my shadowy way,
 The pallid form of death no more appals me,
 Nor shrinks my sick heart from the grave's decay.

The breast for whose embrace my soul is panting,
 Is waiting for me on that distant shore,
 Cleansed from the wounds so long my vision
 haunting,
 And I shall meet him as he looked of yore.

PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

FATHER, be with them while the wings of night
 Brood o'er our human hearts like sorrow's pall ;
 While life speeds on its hushed, mysterious flight ;
 Father, be with them all.
 Sisters and brothers, that beside the hearth,
 Or round the cradle of my childhood trod,
 All gone, all scattered o'er the worn old earth,
 Or 'neath the churchyard sod ;
 Where'er they wander from their home of birth,
 Oh ! shield them well, my God.

Dearer than life thou givest the household blest,
 Whose cares and joys fill up the thronged to-
 day,
 Cheating the spirit of its fond unrest
 O'er dear ones far away ;
 Of those whose love my infant fireside knew,
 Not one is near my joys and griefs to share,
 But memory seeketh, like the falling dew,
 Night's loosening bond of care ;
 Then for the fond ones that beside me grew,
 Upsprings the heartfelt prayer.

Young forms are round me as in days gone by,
 Sweet tones recall the tones I hear no more ;
 And love looks on me from a laughing eye,
 Like one I loved of yore.
 Fainting lest my frail hand point not to heaven,
 Hourly for these, to thee, my God, I pray,
 While the loved household to my childhood given
 O'er earth forgotten stray,
 But, like tired doves that homeward troop at even,
 They claim the closing day.

THE MONUMENTS

FOR THOSE WHO PERISHED IN THE FLORIDA WAR.

AYE, pile from the green earth's breast,
 Your marble columns high,
 That the sun may gleam from the towering crest
 And glance his last ere he seeks the west,
 Where the slain in battle lie.

The names of the perished brave,
 On the chiseled marble trace,
 And mourn for the hearts that found a grave,
 In the *hound-led hunt* of the Afric slave,
 Or the dark-browed Indian race.

But over your valleys wide,
 There hath other blood been shed,
 There hath fallen a rich and purple tide,
 Your spreading plains and your streams beside,
 From hearts that for Freedom bled.

They fled from the despot's hand,
 From the lash, and the festering chain,
 For these they have wielded the flaming brand,
 And scattered their dust o'er the *flowery land*,
 And we ask for their place in vain.

They fought for their native soil—
 For the graves of their kindred dead—
 For homes that were ever the conqueror's spoil—
 For the taunting curse, and the bootless toil—
 Where may *their* names be read?

Who shall the shafts uprear,
 To point where their ashes lie?
 Where shall the storied urn appear,
 Traced with those names to Freedom dear?
 I ask, and the winds reply.

Theirs were no quarries deep
 Of the marble that tells of fame;
 In the rock-bound valleys, or mountains steep,
 Or the plains where their fathers' ashes sleep,
 Nor pebble nor stone they claim.

They have left no kindred band,
 From the shapeless block to mould
 An urn for them, in their father land,
 Or trace their names with a reverent hand
 With the tale of their daring bold.

Like the dew when the sun goes forth,
 To the spirit-land they fled,
 And no children weep by a household hearth,
 And no mourners stoop with their native earth
 To cover the mouldering dead.

But still in the forests old,
 'Mid their proud, ancestral trees ;
 Of the bows unstrung, and the heart-strings cold,
 And the clear tones hushed, shall a tale be told,
 By the fount, and the whispering breeze.

And the birds shall breathe them a lay,
 And the streams, with their murmured tone,
 Shall bear, from the heart of the mountains grey,
 A song of the race that hath passed away,
 From the land that was erst their own.

No tablet of earth shall to them be given,
 No stone o'er their ashes placed ;
 But ah ! with a finger of fire engraven
 Unchanging and deep, on the walls of Heaven,
 Shall the record of wrong be traced.

CHANGE.

ONCE more 'tis Spring,—once more the waves,
 Unfettered, greet the yellow light ;
 And flowers are bursting from their graves,
 In youthful freshness, rare and bright.

O, I had longed but once again
 To watch some green and living thing—
 To see the year, o'er wood and plain,
 Its Summer robes of freshness fling.

And it is done, the thousand dyes,
 That erst the joyous Spring-tide wore,
 Are flashing sweet in childhood's eyes,
 As those that childhood loved of yore.

But in my heart no balmy breath
 Unlocks again the gelid wave ;
 The spirit's flowers, once hushed in death,
 No more shall waken from their grave.

A joyous tale of love and song
 Is floating down the fragrant air,
 And calling forth a happy throng,
 The freshness of the groves to share

But never woos the voice of Spring
 A faint and lagging step like mine ;
 She seeks no darkened brow to fling
 A shadow 'mid her hues divine.

Well I had known that, year by year,
 There faltered, from life's laughing train,
 Some foot, that, at the Summer's cheer,
 Might never wander forth again.

And I had sorrowed when we met,
 O'er those that from our ranks had flown ;
 But never paused to think, as yet,
 That mine could be the missing tone.

Nor knew I, with how calm a thrill,
 And with what peaceful gladness, too,
 My heart its wildest pulse could still,
 And bid the scenes of earth adieu.

But Hope has many a ray to fling
 Across the spirit's parting hours,
 That, 'mid the beauties of the Spring,
 Is drooping like the Autumn flowers.

HUMAN LIFE.

O, HOPE not thou for happiness,
 That Paradise below,
 That idlers dream, and poets guess,
 And—mortals never know.
 For long as human passion sways
 A single smile or tear,
 So long unrest and bitterness
 Will have dominion here.

And look not on some glittering state,
 And wish such lot were thine,
 We ne'er can know what thorns may mar
 The flowers for which we pine :
 And though thy path be gemmed with gold,
 And fond hands strew thy way ;
 Dark clouds will oft thy heart infold,
 No human power can stay.

For Envy hath her restless brood,
 And Hate her bitter throng,
 And o'er each act of human good
 They cast their shadows strong ;
 Dim Care thy golden dreams will jar,
 Cold Pride thy friendships prove ;
 And stealthy Jealousy will mar,
 Thy cherished household love.

And, while thou'rt sorrowing o'er the rest,
 Thou'lt find the evil throng
 Come trooping through thine own pure breast,
 That hath such hate of wrong.
 Then lowly let thy spirit be,
 And in thy heart abide
 The gentle maiden, Charity,
 To turn life's thorns aside.

A WISH.

KIND be the hand which in thine own reposes,
 Trusting thy guidance with a holy faith;—
 Skillful to strip the thorns from off life's roses,
 And scatter fragrance on thy weary path.

Mild be the eye upon thy soul that gleameth
 With the fond tale that ne'er in speech was given,
 Lit with a lustre that before thee streameth
 Onward and upward to the gates of heaven.

Sweet be the voice that soothes thine hours of sadness,—
 That chides thy spirit of its burdening cares,—
 And tuned forever to a tempered gladness,
 Still to thy heart earth's richest music bears.

Warm be the heart in which the fragrant blossom
 That angels love to cherish, blooms for thee,—
 The faithful tenant of one gentle bosom,
 To whose rich stores thou only hast the key.

LINES:—TO ONE I WOT OF.

WHEN my thoughts are afar in some starry clime,
 To gather its flowers in their blossoming time,—
 When the burdening freight of the bard's rich
 strain,
 Like the twilight dews on my soul is lain,—
 When a blessing is breathed upon those who cast
 A light on my path, as they idly past,—
 When a blissful sense in my heart shall be,
 Of the things that I cherish,—I'll think of thee.

How oft on our hearts, in some weary hour,
 Will a kind word fall, with a spell of power,
 From lips to whose treasures no claims we bore;
 Or a joy is ours from a stranger's store,—
 A boon perchance of a careless thought,
 The birth of an hour, and as soon forgot;
 Yet still in our spirits its light shall be,
 And while memory liveth—I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee, not as I float along,
 In the changing maze of the festal throng;
 No feeling of kindness may seem to be,
 In the world-worn words that I breathe to thee;
 For the grateful pleasure my heart doth bear,
 Shall never be mixed with the trifling air:
 But a benison dwells on my lips at night,
 For those who have made my path more bright,
 And still in the hush of the dewy even,
 Thy name shall be borne from my heart to heaven.

BELL BROWN.

AN me, it was thus that you smiled, Bell Brown,
 In the twilight, long ago,
 And my spirit with joy went wild, Bell Brown,
 As your voice breathed soft and low;
 For it breathed a vow of faith, Bell Brown,
 As gentle as April showers,
 But the love that you pledged till death, Bell
 Brown,
 Was gone with the frail Spring flowers.

Oh, you loved me more than your life, Bell
 Brown—
 For a month, and a Summer day;
 Till a whiskered sprig, with his rings, came down,
 From his rambles in gay Broadway;

And the light that flashed on my heart was gone,
 And the walks by the trysting tree ;
 And your smile was bright as the breaking dawn,
 But it beamed no more for me.

Oh, the smile you are wearing now, Bell Brown,
 Is as sweet as sweet can be,
 But I prize it just as I prized the frown,
 That you bent last year on me ;
 And your words are as smooth as oil, Bell Brown,
 And there is witchery in your laugh,
 But the bird that was once in the toil, Bell Brown,
 Can rarely be caught with chaff.

CHARLES.

I do remember thee with ruddy cheek,
 Where health in radiant lustre claimed her
 throne,
 And eye that still its tale of joy could speak,
 Where life, and light, and pure affection shone.

With happy voice, and pulses bounding free,
 No symptoms marked thee for an early doom ;
 Who could have deemed that death would summon
 thee,
 In thy first dawning manhood, to the tomb ?

Unaltered thou hast passed, and still didst know,
 Thine ever ruling passion, strong in death ;
 For human kindness was thy spirit's law,
 And warm it fluttered on thy latest breath.

'Twas like thee thus to die—thy strong hand bore
 Thy fellow-sufferer from the restless wave,
 With dauntless heart, in safety to the shore,
 And sunk exhausted to thy watery grave.

'Twas like thee, Charles—thus nobly didst thou
 live :
 From the rich blessings o'er thy pathway strewn,
 Delighting still with liberal hand to give,
 Rather than lavish on thyself the boon.

How shrunk our startled souls when pealed the
 knell,
 That 'rolled thy name amid the early dead ;
 For there were hearts on earth that loved thee
 well,
 And long shall mourn thy generous spirit fled.

And thy young bride, upon whose cheek the flush
 Of scarcely plighted vows was lingering yet,
 Amid whose broided hair were blooming fresh,
 The flowers that late were for the bridal set—

How heard she of thy doom?—how chilled her
 heart,

From the full tide of joy's unmeasured flow,
 Thus soon to tear love's cherished links apart,
 And bear within the leaden weight of woe?

Oh! it is ever thus; when brightest burn
 Life's festal fires before the enraptured eye,
 They soonest sink in night, and bid us learn
 That Hope's bright lamp should kindle but on
 high.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

STAND to thy post proud lion-heart,
 Though hosts thy single hand oppose,
 And in thine eye, to sunlight start
 The coward blades of Freedom's foes.

On,—with thine eye unblenched and clear,
 And planted foot, and full calm tone,
 And nerves that never quailed to fear,—
 On brave!—thou standest not alone.

Though with thy right arm raised, and bare,
 Far on thou'st led the gathering fight,
 A thousand burning hearts are there,
 To aid thee in thy war of right.

A sudden glow of quenchless fire
 Hath flashed, a thousand lips along,
 As thrilled upon our wondering air,
 Thy tale of outrage and of wrong.

Stern eyes have kindled with a blaze,
 Unfelt within their depths before,
 As bent their quick and anxious gaze,
 Beyond th' Ohio's southern shore.

And where our inland waters sweep,—
 And down each northern mountain line,—
 A murmured answer, low, but deep,
 Was hurled, to Freedom's foes,—and thine.

Was hurled from lips that fear not now,
 To fling a tyrant's challenge back,
 And from the light of Honor's brow,
 Pour terror on the coward's track.

From hearts that strong in tameless pride,
 With well-nerved hands, and words of cheer,
 Will spring, unsummoned, to the side
 Of Freedom's dauntless pioneer.

Those lips have vowed, and vow again,
 For aye, with heaven-imparted might,
 Their country's honor to sustain,
 Her power,—her virtue,—and *the right*.

And let them bristle,—those who please,—
 Their spears against such hearts of oak;
 They know that oft in breasts like these,
 Oppression's blade hath plunged, and broke.

Then keep thy post proud lion-heart,
 With planted foot, and clear calm tone,
 Though myriad foes before thee start,
 On brave!—thou standest not alone.

TO SOPHIA.

THOU hast been with me when the dawn
 In blushing tints arose,
 And all we loved to look upon
 Was starting from repose,
 And we have pressed the dewy flowers,
 And heard the wild bird's strain,
 Till all the forest's minstrelsy,
 Rang from our hearts again.

Thou hast been with me when the sun
 Lit up his parting ray,
 And stars were kindled, one by one,
 Upon the vanished day;
 And we have watched the varied scene,
 While thoughts of rapture woke,
 And vision of our heavenly home,
 Across our spirits broke.

When Hope was faint, or Faith grew dim,
 Or Grief required a stay,
 Together we have fled to Him
 Who is the heavenly way.
 And each in joy or sorrow claimed
 The other's breast to share;
 While ne'er a thought or feeling woke,
 But found its echo there.

For joy was robbed of half its glow,
 That was not shared with thee;
 And deeper pressed the weight of woe,
 That lacked thy sympathy;
 And I,—alas, my page is wet
 With tears I may not quell:
 But Heaven will watch above us yet
 Though we must say—Farewell.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

THE storms of winter filled the sky,
The snow-god hung his wreaths on high,
And cold waves lashed the bark which bore
Our FATHERS to New England's shore.

The desert woods were bleak and bare,
No fagot blazed their welcome there ;
'Mid naked rocks, with ice-gems hung,
The MAYFLOWER to her moorings swung.

Yet shrank they not from storm or toil,
Upon New England's mountain soil,
And cradled thus, 'mid rocks and snows,
In pride and power, their sons arose.

The children of that feeble band
Are monarchs of our glorious land,
While floats their banner fair and free,
In stripes and stars, from sea to sea.

And we, this day, on Erie's shore,
The goodness of that God adore,
Who led our FATHERS thus to rear
A temple in the desert drear.

A shrine of Faith, whose spires are hid
 The purple clouds of heaven amid,
 And from whose altars ceaseless rise
 A cloud of incense to the skies.

SNATCHES FROM AN OLD TALE.

With fingers light,
 The maidens bright
 Had twined rare flowers,
 For the vesper hours ;
 And were decking the gentle bride,
 In beauty now,
 For the deathless vow
 She should breathe at eventide.

“O passing fair,
 In thine ebon hair,
 Is the orange wreath
 With its fragrant breath.”
 Said a sudden voice, and low :
 “But thy bridal day
 Is far away,
 Wilt thou don the chaplet now?”

"The locks that rest
 On thy glowing breast,
 Shall streak their night,
 With a silvery light,
 When those flowers befit thy brow :
 And thy heart shall bleed
 'Neath the mourner's weed,
 Ere it beats to thy bridal vow."

"Away, away
 From the pageant gay ;
 No ray shall light,
 On thy robe of white,
 With the coming eventide ;
 It may be meet
 For a winding sheet,
 But will ne'er adorn a bride."

* * * * *

'Twas silence there,
 But, with listening air,
 The bridesmaids stood,
 While the curdling blood
 Flowed back from each whitened vein :
 But with careless tone
 The bride laughed on,
 And their mirth returned again.

* * * * *

There was sunlight still
 Upon plain, and hill,
 Where the orange wove
 Its bowers of love ;
 When the sound of a trumpet rung,
 Through the vaulted dome ;
 And the cottage home,
 And the brave to battle sprung.

And clashing spears
 Met the listeners' ears,
 And the waters flowed,
 With a tinge of blood ;
 For a bold and noble train
 Went forth that day,
 To the sudden fray,
 But they came not thence again.

'Twas hushed that hour,
 In the maiden's bower,
 For pale, and mute
 At the altar's foot
 She lay in her robe of pride,
 That might be meet
 For a winding sheet,
 But never would deck a bride.

Long years had fled
 O'er the mold'ring dead ;
 And the ebon hair
 And the forehead fair,
 Had changed at the touch of Time ;
 When a captive band
 From a distant land,
 Came back to their native clime.

And he for whom
 They had marked a tomb,
 Where the cypress shade
 Was darkly laid ;
 Returned, in his manhood's pride,
 To seek again,
 For the bridal train
 He had left at the altar side.

* * * * *

Bring orange flowers
 From the fragrant bowers,
 For her tresses white ;
 And her heart shall plight,
 In its age, the vows of youth ;
 For the eyes grown dim
 With tears for him,
 Seem bright in their changeless truth.

THE DEAD OFF CAPE RACE.

THE blanching wave along Cape Race in terror
shrieks and foams,

While broods above the restless sea the Phantom
of Despair ;

That wave hath quenched the love-light out, that
lit a hundred homes ;

The music of a myriad hearts lies hushed forever
there.

And human sorrow o'er that spot full long shall
watch and weep,

And hear again its moan of Death—its trumpet-
blast of woe ;

Though still the sun in beauty rides above that
charnel deep—

That ship that hath the wave above, and gallant
hearts below.

Calmly to that baptismal font of future life they
went,

For whom the welcome fires were lit by earthly
hearth sides fair ;

A rush of spirit wings proclaimed their flight far
heavenward bent ;

And wherefore keeps that sullen sea its croak-
ings of Despair ?

Ah, swiftly closed Death's temple-vail, and Heaven
 hath shut them in,
 And to the fiery storm of grief the quivering
 heart lies bare,
 While white with terror on Cape Race still foams
 the sounding main,
 The love-light of a hundred homes lies quenched
 forever there.

SCENE FOR ALL FOOLS' DAY.

DEEP in a lonely glen, by rugged cliffs
 Surrounded, and hemmed in, there had been reared
 A rustic hamlet. Its low cottages
 Were neat and comely, and its single spire
 Peered up amid the rocks that beetled round,
 And humbly pointed out the way to heaven.
 'Twas a wild spot, where Nature loved to rear
 Her rustic noblemen. The village school
 From which rich stores of knowledge had been won,
 Stood close beside a precipice, whose top
 With a broad solid rock was covered o'er.
 Here oft the village children would resort
 For sport and pastime; heedless of the cliff
 Which stretched so close beside them, heedless, too,

Of many a prudent matron's warning voice,
 Or the good teacher's wise and solemn look,
 As he gazed down into the dark abyss,
 And shook his head, and bade them stand aloof.

Bright rose the sun the morn that ushered in
 The month of storms; from rock, and brier, and
 tree,

The frost-work glittered like a diamond robe.
 The ice-bound stream was loosing fast her chain,
 And Summer seemed awaking from her sleep.
 The village lads their wonted haunts had sought,
 To spend their holiday; and wild and high,
 Rung out upon the air their shouts of glee.
 Long time they gamboled, till the sun had climbed
 With silent, lingering step, half way mid-heaven,
 And in their childish joyousness forgot,
 The frowning precipice; when one wild youth,
 Marked out his headlong course towards the cliff,
 And on a sudden shrieked, and disappeared!
 With horror-stricken looks, the startled group
 Gazed for a moment,—then in one wild scream,
 They burst, and frightened fled.

 The alarm was spread,
 From cot to cot, even to the hamlet's verge,
 And every hut, and every humble shed
 Gave forth into the street its stated train,
 With anxious look, to question who was lost.

He was a widowed mother's only son,
 And every breast in sympathy awoke,
 When she—the stricken—from her cot rushed forth
 And led towards the cliff. The hurrying crowd
 Pressed close upon her track, with hooks and ropes
 Preparing, as they went, that they might bring
 Back from the deep abyss the mangled boy,—
 A last poor consolation for a friend.

They reached the spot, and, by a mother's tears
 Urged on, made ready for the dire descent,
 Down that dark precipice, when suddenly,
 Peering above the rocks, the widow's son
 Cried APRIL FOOL!

TRAVEL.

PAST the well-known towers in sadness,—
 O'er the dear home-trodden pave;—
 Out upon the sky-bound ocean,
 With a rocking, rolling motion,—
 Trusting life, and love, and gladness,
 To the steam-god, and the wave.

Ere the night unfolds her pinions,
 Shrieking onward like the wind;

With the cold grey morning o'er us ;
 With the dark unknown before us ;—
 (Where Destruction broods her minions,)
 And the light of love behind.

Oh, our Father ! cold and faithless
 Is the heart that thrills with fear ;
Thee we trust with pure emotion,
 Not the steam-god, nor the ocean,
 Even destruction leaves us scatheless,
 While Thy sheltering love is near.

Man, his car of Progress chaining
 To the lightning, mocks at life,
 Thou Thy wing o'er all unfoldest,—
 In Thy hand the waters holdest,—
 Stayest the Babel heavenward straining,
 Guards't Thy children through the strife.

THE COQUETTE.

Down where the meadows
 With blossoms were laden,
 Roved, 'neath the shadows,
 A youth and a maiden :
 And, while the myrtle-vine
 Slept in the white moonshine,

Culled he its gentle flowers—emblems of love ;
 Twining them tenderly,
 Faltering he asked, would she
 Wear on her bosom the garland he wove.

Grasped she the blossoms fair,
 Smiling so peerlessly ;
 But, on the evening air,
 Cast she them carelessly ;—
 Petal from petal torn,
 On the light winds were borne,
 Soon as she felt that the gift was her own ;
 Till 'neath her gleaming eye,
 Mourned by his stifled sigh,
 All the green bank with that garland was strown.

Yet with cold art
 She sate blushing, and smiling,
 All his fond heart
 From his bosom beguiling,
 Till from the casket chaste,
 Where life's true wealth was placed,—
 Pearls he had watched by, and cherished for years ;
 Down at her idle feet,
 Laid he those jewels sweet,
 Blessed by a mother's prayers, watered by tears.

Words were too weak
 For his spirit's outgushing,
 Bright o'er her cheek,
 The proud triumph was flushing,

Still she smiled peerlessly ;
 Yet, oh how carelessly,
 Ere she had measured the wealth of that store ;
 E'en with hope's light in them,
 Crushed she each gleaming gem,
 Heedless that casket should yield her no more.

Back to the festival!

Footsteps were seeking them ;
 For the songs prized by all,
 Still must be sung by them ;
 And, from the light guitar,
 Poured she the music far ;
 While at her side he stood, called by the throng,
 And, with the wonted strain,
 Mingled his voice again ;
 Mournfully, scornfully, blended the song.

Forth from her toils he went,
 Firmer, and stronger,
 On life's stern duties bent ;—
 Fettered no longer.
 While, from *her* dreams of pride,
 Time tore the veil aside ;
 Flatterers, and lovers had loosened her chain,
 Yet, with her peerless art,
 She from that wounded heart,
 Sought for the gems she had trampled—in vain.

Once, when, with misty shroud,
 Years had thronged round his way,
 He, in his dwelling proud,,
 Struck that remembered lay,
 And a lost maiden,
 With sorrow o'erladen,
 Listening with startled ear, turned from the throng,
 And, in the wonted strain,
 Mingled her voice again,
 Mournfully, scornfully, blended the song.

COLD.

My hair is not so flecked with grey;—

Oh, no.

The little lines of silver lay,

Amid the chestnut masses low,

And, in their shining, scarce betray

A youth that perished long ago.

My cheek is not so ploughed with age,

Or care,

That one should read its furrowed page,

And seek to find no gladness there;

A cheek that owns life's middle stage,—

That once was smooth, and ne'er was fair.

And yet the pulses of my soul
 Are still.
 And when your hearts, at joy's control,
 Their fountains of rejoicing fill,
 Slow, shivering life's currents roll,
 'Mid earth's sweet sounds congealed, and
 chill,
 Pass on, and leave your visions gay
 Untold,
 To one who, in life's open day,
 Sits stone-like on a cheerless wold—
 A heart that found a wintry way,
 And to its well-springs felt the cold.

F A M E .

FAME! not for me, if my heart's life must pay
 for it!
 What! shall I seek it through falsehood and
 wrong?
 Trample down honor and truth, to make way
 for it?
 Truckle, and smile for the praise of the throng?
 Not while this earth rolls! the hand that shall
 offer me
 Guerdon so worthless hath never been born,
 I—if this gaud is the prize that ye proffer me—
 Fling back the gift with ineffable scorn.

Lo, I see throngs quaff the goblet Fame crushed
for them—

Clusters of Peace poured their life in that wine;—
Grapes of pure Truth, in God's sunshine that
blushed for them,

Yielded their forms for its sparkle, and shine;
Bring it not—name it not:—sweet things are
blessing me

Down in the pathway obscure where I tread;
In, by the fireside, soft hands are caressing me;—
Out, in the sunlight, God's smile is o'erhead.

Cull these sweet home-flowers to twine a proud
wreath for me?—

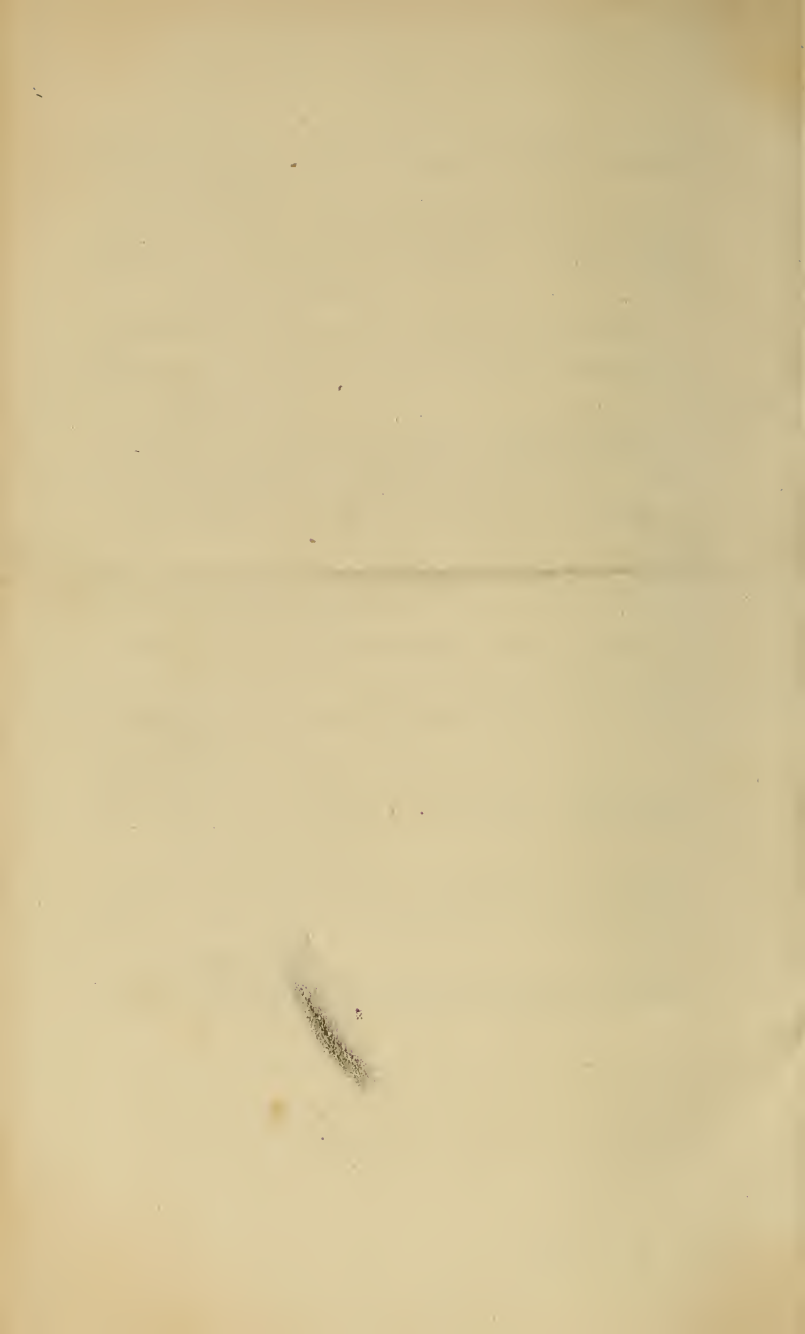
Yield, for that thorn-crown, these garlands of
love?

Not while fond hearts and pale violets can breathe
for me

Bliss that the angels might stoop for above.
Back with thy tempting, pure hands shall win
bread for me;—

God, for the powers He has given, be my guide:
And if "Well done thou faithful" at last may be
said for me,

What is the crown that this world gives beside?





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